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AUGUST 1989 A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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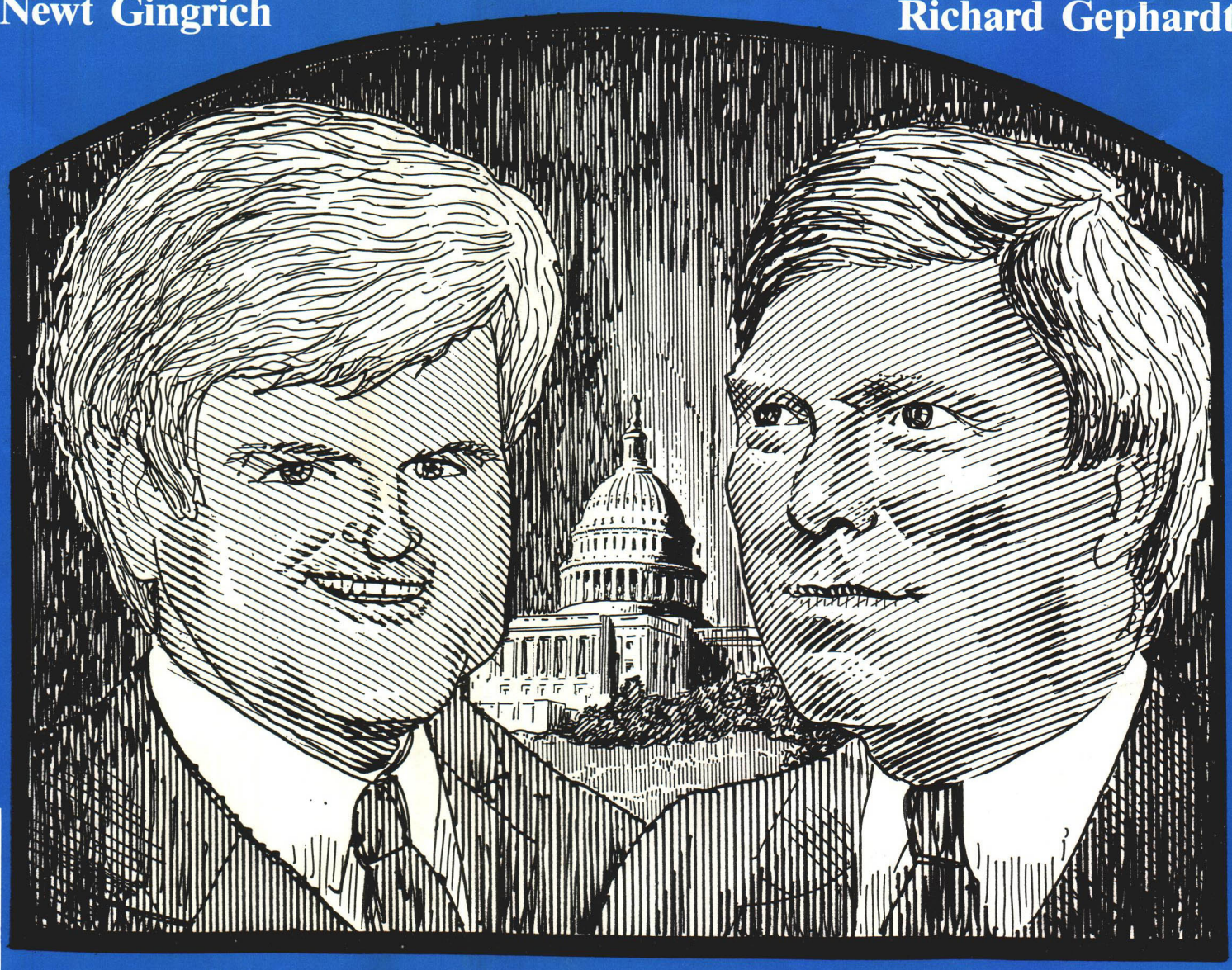

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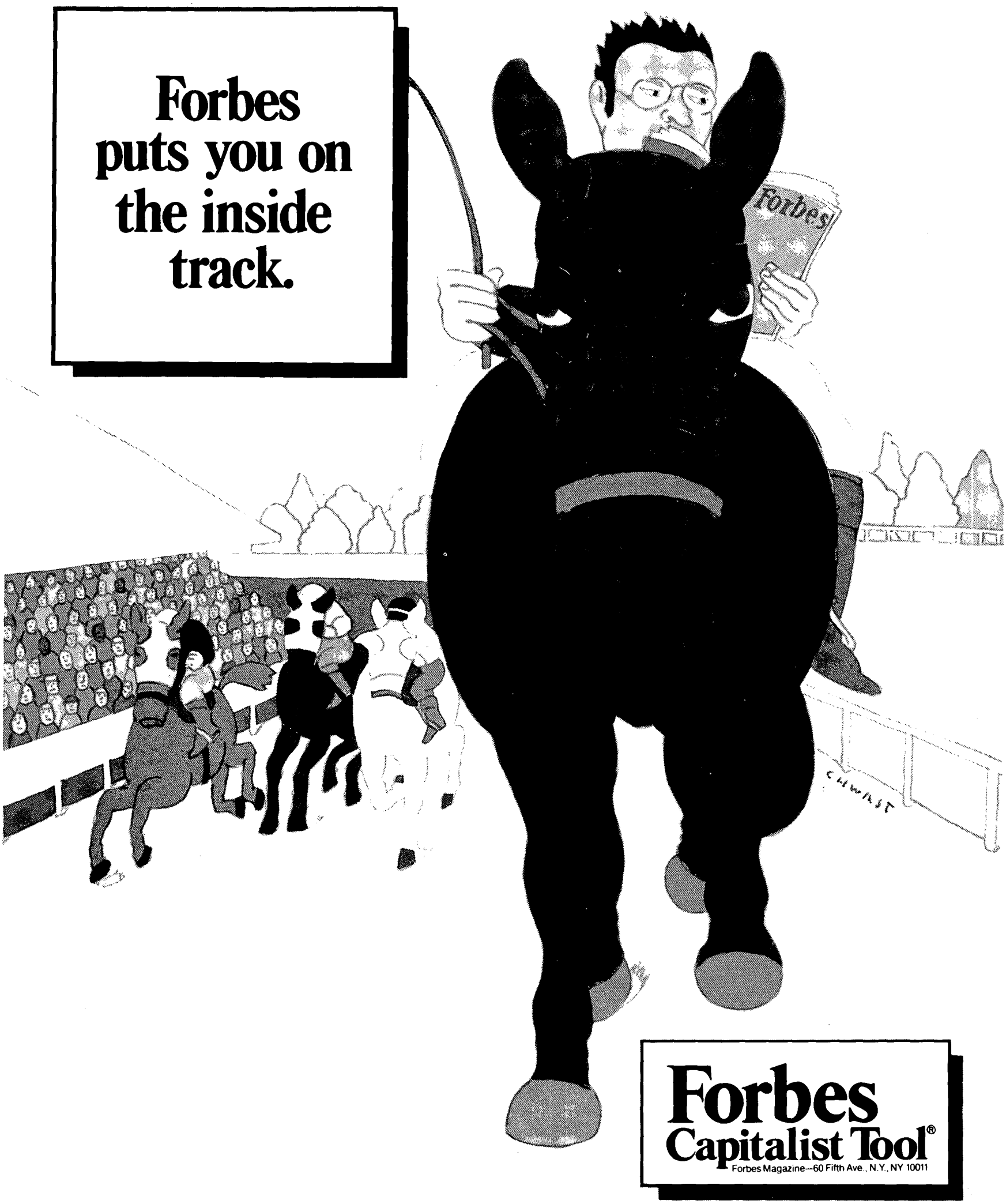

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You deserve a factual look at...

Those "Moderate" Arab States

Should the U.S. sell them advanced weaponry?

Should we sell sophisticated armaments to the so-called "moderate" Arab countries? Recently, Saudi Arabia, usually considered the leader of the "moderate" Arabs, turned to Britain for the biggest arms contract ever. Many are concerned that the U.S. Congress, being reluctant to allow unlimited arms sales to the Arabs, is depriving the U.S. of lucrative business.

What are the facts?

■ The Arab states boast today one of the largest, most deadly and most sophisticated concentration of armament the world has ever seen, surpassed only (and not by all that much) by the arsenals of the two super-powers. And the buildup of arms continues incessantly—making one wonder how these essentially backward countries can possibly absorb and utilize all this weaponry. Excepting the oil-rich Gulf countries, most of these Arab states can fairly be described as economic basket cases, with social and demographic problems that seem almost unsolvable. Still, they dedicate a large share of their meager resources to the acquisition of ever more deadly and offensive weaponry, instead of putting them into the service of building their countries and uplifting their populations.

■ Saudi Arabia, the kingpin of the "moderates," is an immensely wealthy but sparsely populated country. It fields an army of only 72,000 men, but has 190 military planes and 550 tanks—just about the largest ratio of military hardware to military manpower in the world. Until recently, the fiction was maintained that it needed this enormous arsenal in order to defend itself against the "threat of Iran." But now that Iran is prostrate, this can no longer be alleged, and even the most naive no longer believe it. As King Khaled put it quite bluntly: "When we build our military power, we have no designs on anybody, except those who took away our land and the holy places in Jerusalem, and we know who they are!

■ "Moderate" Saudi Arabia has participated in every war against Israel, from the birth of the state in 1948. It has never made peace with Israel. It is the principal paymaster of Syria, Israel's most fervent enemy, and of the PLO, which is sworn to the destruction of Israel. It is the main player in the worldwide Arab boycott of Israel, whose purpose is the destruction of Israel's economy. Yet, Saudi Arabia, already armed to the teeth and beyond, has just acquired batteries of super missiles from China. They can reach every point in Israel within minutes and can be armed with chemical and atomic warheads. And Saudi Arabia has squadrons of fighter planes at its air base in Tobruk, just one minute's flying time from Israel.

■ But Saudi Arabia's "defense" needs are insatiable. It has just concluded an arms deal with Great Britain amounting to $27 billion, the largest ever negotiated by that country. It includes at least 40 Tornado fighter planes, 80 Westland helicopters, a minimum of six Sundown minesweepers, the construction of two major air bases, and much more. It is an enormous package and has only one purpose: to be part of the coordinated force that, it is hoped, will eventually destroy Israel. The remarkable thing is that Britain will not sell any arms to Israel, because it feels that it could "destabilize the region."

■ But those bare statistics refer only to some of the so-called "moderates." Including the self-proclaimed non-moderates, tiny Israel, the size of New Jersey, with 90% of its population concentrated in an area the size of metropolitan Indianapolis, faces one of the most daunting and fearsome military machines the world has ever seen. Counting only Syria, Iraq, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Libya and Egypt, Israel faces 17,265 tanks, 2789 combat aircraft and 3 million armed men. And that is before the huge sale of military material by Britain, missile deals with the Chinese, and other weaponry in the pipeline.

The concept of the "moderate" Arab states is a myth. The Arabs are single-mindedly determined to destroy Israel. They are spending hundreds of billions of dollars in order to attain strategic superiority to Israel, and then to accomplish its destruction. Israel is the only viable strategic asset the United States has in the entire area. Those who sell weapons to Israel's enemies—foreign countries and American companies—are playing into the hands of America's enemies. We do not find the Soviet Union selling weapons to the enemies of *its* allies. Why should the United States be any less straightforward in its foreign policy? If Israel were vanquished, the Persian Gulf with its vital resources, the entire Middle East and the Mediterranean Basin would fall under the unquestioned dominion of the Soviet Union.

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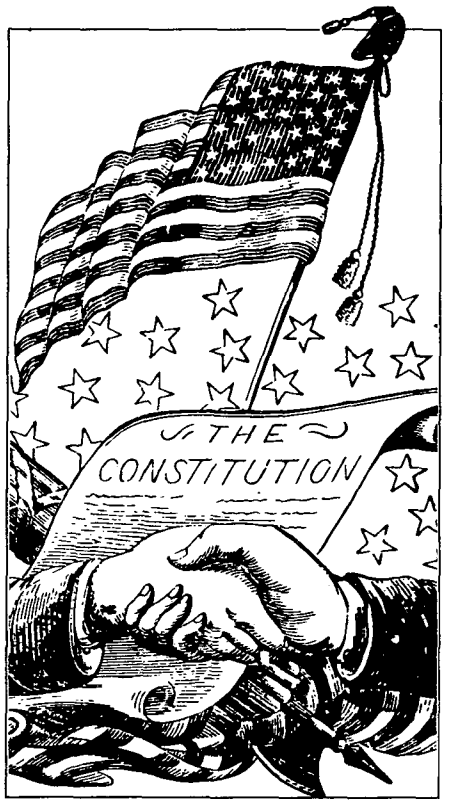
THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• With June out of the way and the Fourth of July upon us, Americans have been given a vivid sense of precisely what the term "fiery oratory" can mean. It can mean putting a match to the American flag, and *a priori* to any flag on American soil. On June 21 the Supreme Court, by a ruling of five to four, decided that setting a flag afire is actually speech protected by the First Amendment. Possibly breaking wind is also speech and nose blowing and lighting leaves in autumn and campfires at the beach. Some presumably college-educated members of the High Court have declared that desecration of the American flag is protected by the free speech provision of the Constitution; so at the end of June all patriotic Americans are wondering how to protect the flag from pyromaniacs. On June 27 President George Bush called a press conference and suggested a constitutional amendment. That is quite unnecessary, as any student of America's shifting values knows. Love of country has been replaced with love of nature, so let each state legislature make the burning of flags an offense against clean-air standards. Certainly the Bush Administration will agree. On June 13 President George Bush thumped for the most stringent clean-air standards of any President in American history and no one said that driving a Volvo in Los Angeles is a matter of free speech—though if the ACLU disagrees, the Supreme Court may wave aside these antipollution standards too. In Las Cruces, New Mexico, Mr. Lee Bach was found guilty of violating a noise law by flying his three-by-five-foot American flag near the home of Miss Gena Contreras and faces up to ninety days in the hoosegow.

• The government of Japan got a new *numero uno* when the ruling Liberal Democratic party elected as prime minister the felicitously named Mr. Sosuke Uno. In Exeter, England, another felicitously named worthy, Mr. George Bangs, was convicted of setting the family house afire in protest of his wife's incessant banging on the family organ. The Bangs, who are in the process of divorcing after twenty-two years of marriage, probably would not live together again even if their home were not a charred hulk, for Mr. Bangs insists that Mrs. Bangs's organ playing has driven him insane to the point where he sounds very much like the Archbishop of Canterbury—albeit not so vehement. In Tehran, the Rev. Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini died of natural causes, and two million believers promptly demonstrated that they are as given to desecrating the corpse of one of their own as they are to desecrating the corpse of an American serviceman. During a rambunctious funeral in historic Mousalam Square the mourners tipped over the Ayatollah's coffin, heaving him out and exposing his bony legs, which immediately appeared on front pages all across the heathen world. According to the Islamic Republic News Agency, eight persons died and 500 were injured during the funereal orgies as thousands shredded the old boy's burial shroud for souvenirs.

• The Hon. Thomas Stephen Foley was shanghaied by fellow Democrats to become Forty-ninth Speaker of the House of Representatives. The National Association of Diaper Services announced an alarming shortage of cloth diapers nationwide. The shortage is particularly acute in the mauve neighborhoods of San Francisco, where sexual minorities have adopted the pricey cotton squares for such ceremonial occasions as Halloween. In Moscow 17-year-old Miss Yulia Sukhanova was crowned



Miss USSR after defeating thirty-four other contestants, all of whom apparently lacked the foresight to tattoo the map of Turkey above their right eyebrow. Miss Sukhanova, who is five-foot-nine, has memorized 243 recipes for boiled cabbage and 209 for mashed potatoes, which she mashes with her own lovely feet. Outdoorsmen in Hopewell Township, New Jersey, may be spending more time in their recreation rooms and otherwise avoiding the great outdoors. Last month a golfer found a severed head while searching for a ball in the rough off the famed Hopewell Valley Golf Club. Now a young sport fisherman has found two legs of a dismembered woman while casting in the Pequannock River. In Manila, the *Philippine Daily Inquirer* reported that a giant sea turtle towed five survivors to safety after their boat sank during a tropical storm. The eventual whereabouts of the giant turtle was not reported, but Filipinos are known for making a rather tasty soup out of these ocean-going Good Samaritans.

• In Poland, Solidarity won practically all available seats in the Sejm and ninety-nine Senate seats in Eastern Europe's freest elections in four decades. Evidence of the New Conservatism showed up in London, where Mr. Donald McFarlan, editor of the *Guinness Book of World Records*, announced plans to knock off forty-three gluttony records from the next edition of his venerable book of preposterosities. The only gluttony entry that will remain is the greatest omnivore entry, held by a Frenchman, M. Michel Lotito, who since 1966 has consumed ten bicycles, a supermarket cart, seven television sets, six chandeliers, a coffin (empty), and a Cessna light aircraft—heavy French sauces having long been famous for concealing a multitude of culinary sins. As waves of excitement spread across America over our plans to raise his face atop Mount Rushmore, former President Ronald Reagan flew to London to receive an honorary GCB, or Grand Commander of the Order of the Bath, from Queen Elizabeth II. Prior recipients have been President Dwight D. Eisenhower, Soviet Marshal Georgi Zhukov, and Presidents Tito and Ceauşescu—though a move is afoot to persuade the Queen to strip the brute Ceausescu of his GCB.

• In sports, Mr. Tom Beatty's 21-year effort to win the annual Calaveras County Fair and Jumping Frog Jubilee culminated in one of the most colossal sports victories of the year when his slimy thoroughbred, Heavy Metal, vaulted nineteen feet and nine and three quarter inches to win the sixty-first jumping of this classic. In Indianapolis, Indiana, Marion County Superior Court Judge Z. Mae Jimison got a good laugh out of courtroom coves when she judged it a "legitimate request" when a 42-year-old gentleman accused of molesting children requested that the court measure his penis, thus affirming his claim that he could not possibly have used such a bulbous device to violate an eight-year-old boy. Judge Jimison has ordered Dr. Larry M. Davis to measure the accused penis "in a flaccid and turgid state," even though Dr. Davis has been accused of no crime, and Judge Jimison's interest can be laid to idle curiosity. On June 11 Judge Frank Galati of Maricopa County Superior Court in Arizona ruled that five members of the polygamist LeBaron family charged with car theft can offer the jury as a defense their belief that they are justified as members of the Church of the Lamb of God in stealing from nonmembers to "further the kingdom of God." The five defendants are the offspring of the late Mr. Ervil LeBaron, founder of the church, who died in 1981 while imprisoned in Utah for murdering Dr. Rulon Allred, the chronically ill naturopathic physician.

• A coalition of Washington artists and the criminally insane formed a National Committee Against Censorship in the Arts after the Corcoran Gallery of Art canceled a federally subsidized late-June exhibition of photography by Mr. Robert Mapplethorpe, deceased. Among the photographs were homoerotic masterpieces: rectums, penises, armpits, knees, and a rare photo of a man urinating into another man's mouth. Think of it, the sight of a vial of water drawn from Lake Erie would ruin the day for one of these nincompoops, yet they perceive the sublime and the beautiful in a depiction of Joe evacuating into the mouth of Pete, which the taxpayer should pay for. The cancellation prompted Miss Elizabeth Broun, acting director of the National

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Museum of American Art, to observe that it demonstrates "just how fragile the arts community feels its position to be and how concerned they are about the future of the arts." Their concern is justified; Mr. Mapplethorpe died in March of AIDS. The Chinese Twenty-seventh Army crushed the democracy movement in Peking's Square of Heavenly Peace, and in New York organizers of the annual Gay and Lesbian Pride March announced that they will not attempt to call attention to AIDS by releasing 10,000 balloons for fear that they might endanger turtles and other sea life long held to be friendly to the homosexual cause.

• On June 16 twelve staff members of *The American Spectator* were asked to leave the Annandale Bowling Center in beautiful Annandale, Virginia, after a nearby foursome complained to the management about the staff members' "lack of bowling etiquette." So it is back to polo, colleagues! M. Alexis Lichine, the suave internationally renowned wine expert, conked out at the age of 76; as did the left-wing journalist, Mr. I. F. Stone, 81, a man who in the large issues of his time was wrong more than 90 percent of the time; on small issues he was even more defective. Mr. Sydney S. Stern, designer of the Ritz Crackers box, died at the age of 99. Miss Fran Allison, 81, the human component of "Kukla, Fran and Ollie" passed away, along with Mr. Guy S. Paschal, 87, the developer of Airwick, an early neoconservative solution to air pollution. *—RET*

CORRESPONDENCE

More Mindless Cannibalism

I am holding in my hand the March 1989 *American Spectator.* On the cover are featured two (at the time) haughty and powerful stalwarts of the House of Representatives: Speaker Jim Wright and Majority Whip Tony Coelho. Inside your magazine is a long, detailed article chronicling the petty and major crimes of these two scoundrels ("The Big Fix," by James Ring Adams). As I write to you today, less than three months after your exposé appeared, one of the crooks has resigned, and the other one will certainly be gone by the end of this week—probably before you read these words. You and all your colleagues at *TAS* should feel proud of this accomplishment, and inspired to strike for new victories.

—Philip Averbuck
Watertown, Massachusetts

Drug Cartel Ideology

To support his curious thesis that an alliance between Marxist-Leninist revolutionaries and Colombian cocaine traffickers is behind our current drug problems, David Brock ("The World of Narcoterrorism," *TAS*, June 1989) selectively quotes from a brief portion of an article of mine and Eugene Robinson in the January 8 *Washington Post.* Brock correctly notes our observation that the home of Mario Arango, a Medellin city council member with close ties to the city's drug cartel, is decorated with a portrait of Stalin. Yet he seems to have missed virtually everything else we reported, including most significantly the growing ties between leading cartel traffickers, on the one hand, and conservative land barons and right-wing elements of the Colombian military, on the other. Meanwhile, while the cartels have cooperated with leftist guerrillas in some coca-growing regions in the south of Colombia, they have elsewhere waged war against them. Last year, a Colombian judge indicted two of the most notorious cartel traffickers—Pablo Escobar and Gonzalo Rodriguez Gacha—along with several military officers in a series of brutal massacres of leftist labor organizers and peasants in the Uribe banana planting region. Rodriguez Gacha has also been linked to the November 1987 murder of Marxist labor leader Jaime Pardo Leal.

Most informed observers agree it is fruitless to depict the drug traffickers as either left wingers or right wingers (although, with the possible exception of Carlos Lehder, a political oddball whom the traffickers themselves turned in, most of them prefer to identify themselves with the capitalist ruling class rather than with Marxist rebels). The point is that the drug cartels have their own agenda, which transcends the boundaries of the East-West conflict. It was unfortunate to see a small portion of our article used to bolster a wobbly case to the contrary.

—Michael Isikoff
Washington, D.C.

David Brock replies:

I had planned to apologize to Mr. Isikoff for having given readers the mistaken impression that he agreed with my "curious" and "wobbly" thesis about narcoterrorism; in reporting one of his more astute observations, I should have noted that his article showed no sign that he understood the implications of his own reporting. Now, I'm wondering if Mr. Isikoff may be coming around after all. Several weeks after my article appeared, I picked up the front page of the *Washington Post* and read (I'll quote from the beginning so as not to be charged with "selectivity"): "The Cuban government said yesterday that one of its most distinguished military commanders and eight other high-level officials have been arrested on charges of drug trafficking or corruption. The arrests came at a time when U.S. law enforcement agencies say they have detected a dramatic surge in drug smuggling flights over Cuban territory, suggesting the country is becoming a major transshipment point for cocaine traffic into the United States." *Post* writer Julia Preston shared the byline on the report with Michael Isikoff.

I Was There

First the mind goes, then the eyes. One of those "middle-aged radicals" RET alleges to have seen "slouching" around McNair Hall at Georgetown is only 29 —still young enough to be trusted. This is quite a bit more than can be said for his "report" of the event ("Looking for Loons," *TAS*, June 1989).

—Eric Alterman
Washington, D.C.

The Great Sununu

Although very much in agreement with Joe Mysak that John Sununu may well be the best hope in Washington for "the partisans of tax exemption" for municipal bonds ("The Beauty of Municipal Bonds," *TAS*, June 1989), I think that he has understated the achievements of our former governor. Sununu not only "cut" the deficit left by his Democratic predecessor but also balanced his first budget while paying it off.

In his second budget, he convinced the legislature to use the state's surplus to establish a "rainy day fund" which has been invested by the state treasurer to accumulate income until it is needed to cover some future shortfall in revenue. This dramatic improvement in New Hampshire's financial situation did, as stated, lead to our regaining the AAA credit rating lost by the previous Democratic administration, with a consequent saving in interest costs.

All this in a state which has no sales tax or state income tax!

—John S. Lawton
The Weirs, New Hampshire

Just Doing His Job

In his June 1989 article on C. Everett Koop, M.D. ("Chicken Koop"), RET appears to criticize Surgeon General Koop for confronting head-on the nation's two leading public health problems: cigarette smoking and AIDS, which for me is tantamount to criticizing him for doing his job.

Cigarette smoking is the leading cause of premature disease and death, responsible, according to the latest peer review study, for nearly 500,000 deaths annually in this country. Why *shouldn't* the national guardian of public health make a daily Big Deal out of that? (Regarding second-hand smoke, there is solid scientific evidence of increased respiratory illness in individuals exposed to so-called passive smoking, and the headaches and tearing which occur in sensitive people is far more significant than RET's analogy of exposure to perfume.)

On AIDS: no one, including Koop, argues that condoms are better than abstinence or monogamy. The surest way to avoid sexually transmitted AIDS is to avoid sexual encounters with an HIV infected individual and the best way to do that is to abstain from sex or establish a monogamous relationship with a non-infected person. Given, however, that the reality does not mesh with the ideal for millions of Americans, it seems appropriate for the chief medical officer of the United States to offer advice on reducing the risk of disease and death. What would *Tyrrell* have Dr. Koop do—preach abstinence, remain mute about the protection offered by condoms and stand by while hundreds of thousands of Americans become infected with a deadly virus?

I agree with Tyrrell's general premise that we are an overwarned society and that "regulatory nannies" (as Jeane Kirkpatrick is fond of saying) are creating here a nation of healthy hypochondriacs. But he has hung the charge on the wrong guy—Koop, unlike so many of his colleagues in Washington, didn't waste time squishing ants, he aimed his gun at the public health elephants.

—Elizabeth M. Whelan
Executive Director, American Council on Science and Health
New York, New York

I very much enjoyed "Chicken Koop" in the June *TAS.* Somehow—I don't know why—I find the idea that he's a two-Martini-at-lunch man comforting. I'm a recovered alcoholic.

Does RET know, does anyone know, can anyone find out the source/sources of all that fruit salad he wears? I have long been fascinated.

—Jacques R. Hebert
North Miami Beach, Florida

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EDITORIALS

THE TOTALITARIAN COMEBACK

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

The massacre in Tiananmen Square —also called the Square of Heavenly Peace, by the way—and the subsequent wretched recantations now broadcast on Chinese state media have certainly saved George Orwell's writings from the junk bin of history. The indignant Chinese demanding democracy yesterday now appears on state television, cowed, apologetic, and with mysterious lumps on his weary face.

How do the state police of these totalitarian regimes manage to batter people into submission without breaking open their skin? Is the miracle accomplished with the artful use of the torturers' cosmetics, or do the trained brutes of the state learn secret ways to club people in their torture institutes? They do indeed have torture institutes. In fact, in totalitarian states the control of human behavior is a carefully thought-out science. They hold seminars for the jailers.

What moved George Orwell to write his classic satires of totalitarianism, *Animal Farm* and *1984*, was his realization that Nazism and Communism were not just brutal regimes insouciant to individual rights as, say, the Medicean regimes of fifteenth-century Florence. The rising totalitarian regimes of this century resorted to the most advanced techniques of control, techniques capable of tyrannizing the citizens' thoughts as well as their deeds. It is quite inaccurate to speak, as Jane Pauley did the other morning on NBC's "Today Show," of China being an "authoritarian" regime. An authoritarian regime seeks only to eliminate political opposition. Usually it allows a citizen his religion, his art, his social intercourse. A totalitarian regime controls everything, even the past.

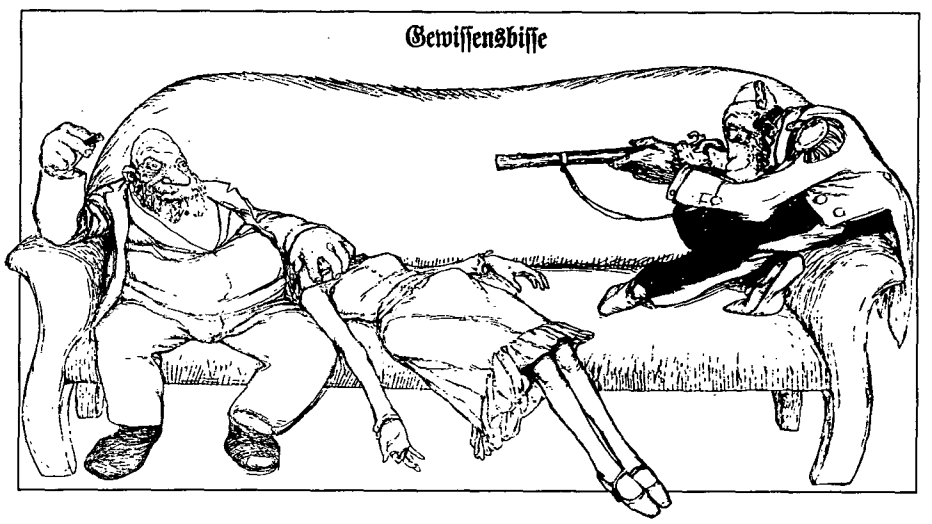
The government of China's response to protest was the response of a totalitarian regime. There was the gargantuan military repression, but there was something worse and more ominous. The modern mass communications media were used to show the faces of demonstrators and to encourage informants to turn them in. Moreover, media were used to falsify events brazenly and finally to demonstrate to the Chinese public the fate awaiting those who do not knuckle under.

Some commentators have naively remarked that neither the broadcast versions of the confrontation in Tiananmen Square nor the recantations are very convincing. Of course, the totalitarian government does not care if they are convincing. What is important is that they terrorize. And so a Mr. Xiao Bin appears on state television, bleary-eyed, lumpy-faced, forlornly intoning, "I never saw anything"—no military crackdown, no blood in the streets. Earlier state television had presented an ABC News interview of him taped before the crackdown, angrily recounting the Tiananmen massacre in vivid images: "Tanks and armored personnel carriers rolled over students," he explained, "squashing them into jam." And beneath his picture a caption identified him as a spreader of rumors. Afterward an announcer warns the citizenry not to believe such rumors and to turn the man in.

Well, Mr. Xiao has now been turned in. Even in a sea of a billion faces it took only two days for the totalitarians to find him. The totalitarians' wish is not to be convincing but to be terrifying: to consolidate all power within the state and to use science, the military, terror, to control everything. China, beneath all the rhetoric about economic growth and progress, remains a totalitarian state, a state quite unlike any authoritarian regime such as General Pinochet's Chile. In fact, all Communist states are fundamentally totalitarian. In Eastern Europe and in the Soviet Union there are signs that the totalitarian foundations are crumbling. As the Chinese have demonstrated, those foundations can endure a lot of erosion.

Recently, the Washington-based Committee on the Present Danger released an irrefutable report demonstrating that "the Soviets continue to increase their expenditures on, and procurement of, military forces, in spite of Soviet General Secretary Gorbachev's announced cutbacks." The West had best remain armed and vigilant against the day when the Soviets' totalitarians might vanquish their reformers. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*



BOYCOTT THE GERMANS

Our national correspondent, Vic Gold, is selling his Mercedes Benz. In fact, he is unloading all his German-made essentials, including his Braun razor. Years ago he had a German secretary. Were she with him today, she would soon be unemployed. Vic has been an avid consumer of high-quality German goods for many years, and the Mercedes Benzes that he has driven for twenty years have been an enduring pleasure. Yet he sees in the drift of West German public opinion a delusory fixation. He wants to do his bit to snap them out of it. Their true interests are not with that country whose ruling Communist party signed a pact with Hitler making World War II inevitable but with the people who rid Germany of the tyrant and welcomed it into alliance with the Western democracies.

Vic is an old Washington hand, one of the truly original political writers in this great Gomorrah, and since the early 1960s an associate of Republican potentates—a few weeks ago he was pictured in the public prints jogging with the White House's Jogger-in-Chief. Vic has watched West German opinion drift into lovey-doveyism with the Soviet Union, and he says: "Boycott West German goods." Soon he will seek the support of American labor leaders for his boycott. American labor has always understood American foreign policy interests better than most other groups and at a better price can provide all the goods that Germans peddle to us.

The evidence of West German muzziheadedness toward the USSR is prodigious. In a recent poll, 47 percent asserted that the Soviet Union is a "stronger force" for world peace than the head of the NATO alliance, the United States. Only 22 percent viewed the United States as the "stronger force" for peace. Fully 29 percent identified the United States as the world's major source of instability. Would they view us this way if we had simply let the Russians take Berlin in the late 1940s and otherwise have a free hand in Europe? Would they see us as a force for instability had we pulled our troops from Europe when American doves agitated for withdrawal in the early 1970s?

In *The Europeans*, a wise and engaging book about the various peoples of Europe, Luigi Barzini speaks of the Germans' "mutability." Every time he visited Germany "I saw a startlingly new country, only vaguely resembling

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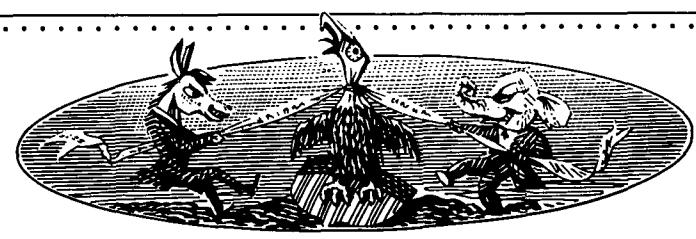
what I had seen before." West German opinion has rapidly metamorphosed in the 1980s, from good sense toward dreaminess. In 1982, 55 percent of the West Germans saw the Soviet Union as a military threat. Five years later only 24 percent perceived the Soviets thus. Now fully 82 percent believe that Mr. Gorbachev's economic and political reforms will succeed. Not even Russians have as much confidence in President Gorbachev as do the West Germans. Well, let these optimistic Germans sell their Mercedes Benzes in Moscow. There is no reason the citizenry in the Western democracies need patronize a nation given to fantasticating about a totalitarian system while sneering at proven democracies.

There is abundant reason to believe that the surest route to the West German heart is through a Mercedes Benz showroom. In the realm of geopolitics the West Germans may be romantics, but when it comes to business they are realists. They may have greeted President Gorbachev on his recent visit with the kind of fevered elation that in the past they reserved for John F. Kennedy and Charles de Gaulle, but when it came to promising more investment in Mr. Gorbachev's economy they were reticent. Less than two percent of their trade is with the Soviets. Reporting on the reluctance of German businessmen to invest more heavily in Moscow, the British newsweekly the *Economist* reports that "most companies complain of extra uncertainties under *perestroika* in addition to the pre-*perestroika* red tape."

It is unfortunate that Vic Gold will be selling off so many fine German goods, but recent history makes clear that an economic boycott can be persuasive. Elsewhere in *The Europeans* Barzini notes that the immense size of the American market makes Europeans apprehensive. A slight change in American tastes and an entire European industry can go into decline. What if we forsake our Benzes for Lincolns? □

CAPITOL IDEAS



CRACKING THE WHIP

by Tom Bethell

Congressman Newt Gingrich was standing by the door of his office in the Rayburn Building, briefcase in hand, ready to head off to Atlanta for the weekend. Aides were bringing him last minute memos and an old friend was standing by to drive the new Republican whip to the National Airport.

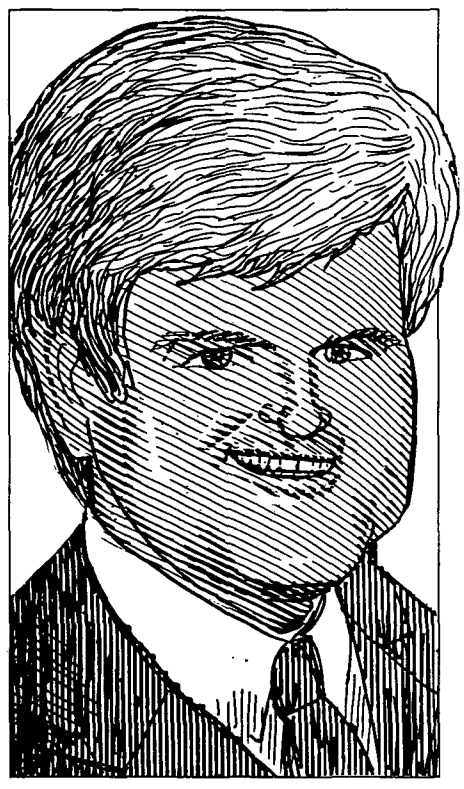
"Offense is the best defense," someone was saying.

"No guts, no glory," Newt Gingrich replied. He has the jaw of a pugilist, and he was wearing the slightly ill-fitting pinstriped suit that is becoming familiar on television. Gingrich marveled that within the past few days the Democrats and the news media had managed to turn the tables on the Republicans in what should have been the GOP's hour of glory. House Speaker Jim Wright and Majority Whip Tony Coelho had only recently resigned, but now there was this unexpected flap about the Mark Goodin memo put out by the Republican National Committee, hinting that the new House Speaker, Tom Foley, was a homosexual. Gingrich himself was getting some of the blame.

In reality, Gingrich said, "Wright's people flacked this thing," to embarrass Foley. This had been published weeks earlier in a newsletter, the *Busby Papers*. ("Wright's fellow Democrats are more occupied with power than ethics. In a single week, news organizations were fed stories about alleged homosexuality of one Democrat who might move up the succession ladder should Mr. Wright step down.")

"This rumor was spread by Democrats and passed around by half the people beating their breasts about the Goodin memo," the columnist Robert Novak told me. The Goodin memo compared Foley's voting record to that of Congressman Barney Frank, the openly homosexual, leftist congressman from Massachusetts.

While the rumor was circulating on Capitol Hill, *New York Daily News* columnist Lars Erik-Nelson phoned up a Gingrich staffer and asked her if she had heard the rumor. When she said yes, and repeated it, he wrote a column accusing Gingrich's office of spreading the rumor. Whereupon, Barney Frank seized the opportunity to amplify the rumor by holding a press conference, no doubt much to Foley's discomfiture, in the course of which he threatened to expose top Republicans as homosexuals.



The amazing thing about this episode was the way in which Republicans so passively accepted the blame just when they should have been relishing the fall of Wright and Coelho. Goodin was fired. Republican National Committee Chairman Lee Atwater ducked for cover. Epithets such as "abomination" and "despicable" were hurled by Republicans at each other. The only exception was Newt Gingrich, who went on telling anyone who called that it was the Democrats who had started this particular mud fight. The only real attempt by a journalist to trace the rumor was made by Gloria Borger in *U.S. News & World Report*.

Over the weekend, while Gingrich was in Georgia, *Time* magazine published a vituperative anti-GOP editorial by Margaret Carlson ("Atwater's fouling the civic atmosphere with vicious misinformation is bad enough . . ."). On Monday, the *Washington Post* Style section came out with an attack-profile of Gingrich, written by the ideologue Myra Macpherson.

One wondered: Would the Republicans never learn that offense is the only game worth playing in Washington?

A few days later I went up to Capitol Hill to see Gingrich. En route I visited with Dana Rohrabacher, a Republican congressman from California's Forty-second District. He was one of eleven (out of thirteen) freshmen Republicans to vote for Gingrich as whip earlier this year, a contest Gingrich won by two votes. Rohrabacher thought the old, go-along-to-get along GOP was in fact changing quite rapidly. "Moderate Republicans are often less than . . ." Here the bearded former Reagan speechwriter paused and searched for the tactful word. "Have to be careful," he said. "Less than . . . torchbearers."

Rohrabacher said that he had found the job to be "the most grueling I ever had, and I worked for seven years in the White House." He has to make a decision "every fifteen minutes" and on an average day has to rush across five or six times from his office to the House floor. In fact, he was going over to the Capitol building right away, and so I accompanied him. Before we left he showed me a wall map of his gerrymandered (not even contiguous) district, the handiwork of California Democrats, who thereby made a net gain of ten seats, Republicans contend.

Outside, the monsoon season was still in full swing. Rohrabacher explained to me as he half trotted to the Capitol that this constant back and forth was his daily exercise. Who should we see coming toward us but Barney Frank himself, strutting back to his office in the Longworth Building after one more floor vote. I turned and ran after Frank, identified myself, and asked him if it wasn't true that Democrats had spread those rumors.

"Some of them did, yes," he said.

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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Had he really threatened to "expose" GOP homosexuals?

"Are you familiar with the language of deterrence?" he asked. Yes, I said. He replied that his threat was of the second strike, "counterforce" variety. It was not a threatened "first strike." But he insisted that he really did know about senior gay Republicans.

Approaching the building lobby was Tom Campbell, a Republican congressman elected last November to California's Twelfth District. Until his election Campbell taught at Stanford University, which is in his district. Campbell showed me a map of *his* gerrymandered district, and told me that he too had voted for Gingrich—"a leader, an intellectual," he said. Comparing it to teaching, Campbell said that being a congressman was like "trying to teach twenty classes at the same time." That is, often you have to vote on matters you don't know enough about. But Campbell too thought the GOP was changing, becoming more active, and he has found, in the thirty-two "town hall" meetings that he has already held in his district (he flies to California every weekend), that there is life after voting no on government spending; the argument that holding down the deficit and therefore interest rates has more appeal than the foregone "pork," he said.

I made my way to the Capitol building. Gingrich, 46, was on camera in his chandeliered, Gothic-ceilinged whip's office, right next to the House floor. A young CBS reporter, standing in for Leslie Stahl, was interviewing him for a CBS News story (already done more than once this year) intended to publicize a split between the "moderate" White House and (hopefully) irate conservatives ("Why aren't they madder?"). But Gingrich fluently navigated his way between the rhetorical shoals to his left and right; he likes nothing more than to answer such questions and will do so all afternoon if requested.

He started out as a Rockefeller Republican at Tulane University in 1968, taught history at West Georgia College for a few years, and was elected to Congress in 1978. It was over two years ago that he undertook the bold task of investigating Speaker Jim Wright's personal finances.

Gingrich was in a good mood when I spoke to him because the House had just voted down a spending measure containing more money than the White House wanted, with the help of fifty-five Democrats. "We had 170 Republicans vote no and five vote yes on a spending bill," he said, using almost exactly the same language as Tom Campbell. "We can do that because we can go back home and sell lower interest rates and higher take-home pay. Our constituencies think that's good. They would rather have that than more 'pork.' " Perhaps adjustable-rate mortgages will make fiscal conservatives of us all. "Whereas Democrats must have more government to get what they want. They have to prop up their union and big-city machine supporters by guaranteeing that there's enough government contracts."

"How much support among Republicans do you now have?" I asked.

"Do you know Bob Walker?" Gingrich replied. At that moment the Pennsylvania Republican happened to walk into the whip's office. Like Gingrich, he is forty-six, a former teacher, and an active proponent of the idea that Republicans don't have to defer to Democrats.

"I would guess we probably now have 120 members who would endorse the idea that activism does pay dividends," Walker said.

"Whereas earlier this year?"

"We know we had eighty-seven people in favor of it." (The whip vote for Gingrich was 87-85.)

"And downtown it would be ninety-nine to one," Gingrich said. "The Bush Administration is ecstatic with the level of aggressive energy we are generating."

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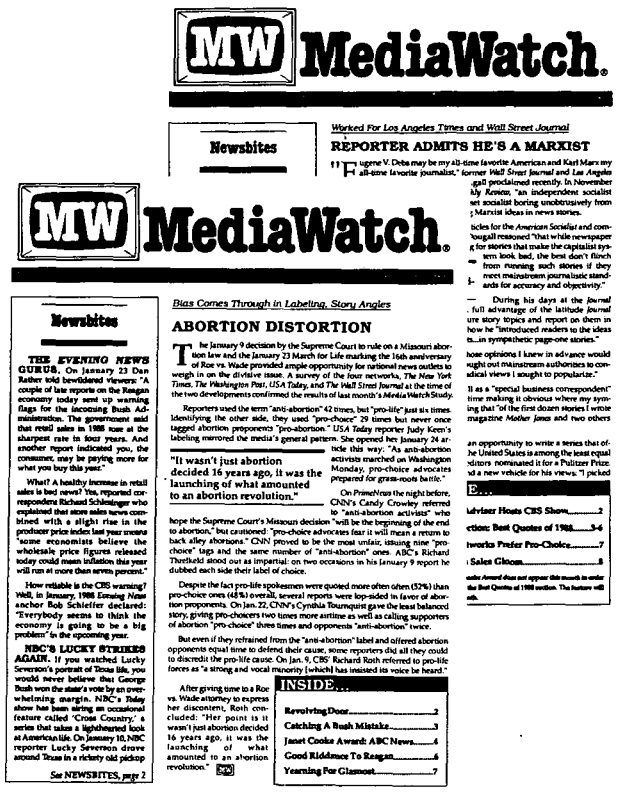
MW MediaWatch

Newsbites

THE EVENING NEWS GURUS. On January 23 Dan Rather told bewildered viewers: "A couple of late reports on the Reagan economy today sent up warning flags for the incoming Bush Administration. The government said that retail sales in 1988 rose at the sharpest rate in four years. And another report indicated you, the consumer, may be paying more for what you buy this year."

What? A healthy increase in retail sales is bad news? Yes, reported correspondent Richard Schlesinger who explained that store sales news combined with a slight rise in the producer price index last year means "some economists believe the wholesale price figures released today could mean inflation this year will run at more than seven percent."

How reliable is the CBS warning? Well, in January, 1988 Evening News anchor Bob Schieffer declared: "Everybody seems to think the economy is going to be a big problem" in the upcoming year.

NBC'S LUCKY STRIKES AGAIN. If you watched Lucky Severson's portrait of Texas life, you would never believe that George Bush won the state's vote by an overwhelming margin. NBC's Today show has been airing an occasional feature called 'Cross Country,' a series that takes a lighthearted look at American life. On January 10, NBC reporter Lucky Severson drove around Texas in a rickety old pickup

See NEWSBITES, page 2

Bias Comes Through in Labeling, Story Angles

ABORTION DISTORTION

The January 9 decision by the Supreme Court to rule on a Missouri abortion law and the January 23 March for Life marking the 16th anniversary of Roe vs. Wade provided ample opportunity for national news outlets to weigh in on the divisive issue. A survey of the four networks, *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *USA Today*, and *The Wall Street Journal* at the time of the two developments confirmed the results of last month's *MediaWatch* Study.

Reporters used the term "anti-abortion" 42 times, but "pro-life" just six times. Identifying the other side, they used "pro-choice" 29 times but never once tagged abortion proponents "pro-abortion." *USA Today* reporter Judy Keen's labeling mirrored the media's general pattern. She opened her January 24 article this way: "As anti-abortion activists marched on Washington Monday, pro-choice advocates prepared for grass-roots battle."

"It wasn't just abortion decided 16 years ago, it was the launching of what amounted to an abortion revolution."

On *PrimeNews* the night before, CNN's Candy Crowley referred to "anti-abortion activists" who hope the Supreme Court's Missouri decision "will be the beginning of the end to abortion," but cautioned "pro-choice advocates fear it will mean a return to back alley abortions." CNN proved to be the most unfair, issuing nine "pro-choice" tags and the same number of "anti-abortion" ones. ABC's Richard Threlkeld stood out as impartial: on two occasions in his January 9 report he dubbed each side's label of choice.

Despite the fact pro-life spokesmen were quoted more often often (52%) than pro-choice ones (48%) overall, several reports were lop-sided in favor of abortion proponents. On Jan. 22, CNN's Cynthia Tournquist gave the least balanced story, giving pro-choicers two times more airtime as well as calling supporters of abortion "pro-choice" three times and opponents "anti-abortion" twice.

But even if they refrained from the "anti-abortion" label and offered abortion opponents equal time to defend their cause, some reporters did all they could to discredit the pro-life cause. On Jan. 9, CBS' Richard Roth referred to pro-life forces as "a strong and vocal minority [which] has insisted its voice be heard."

After giving time to a Roe vs. Wade attorney to express her discontent, Roth concluded: "Her point is it wasn't just abortion decided 16 years ago, it was the launching of what amounted to an abortion revolution."

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Worked For Los Angeles Times and Wall Street Journal

REPORTER ADMITS HE'S A MARXIST

"Eugene V. Debs may be my all-time favorite American and Karl Marx my all-time favorite journalist," former *Wall Street Journal* and *Los Angeles* ...all proclaimed recently. In November ...ly *Review*, "an independent socialist ...et socialist boring unobtrusively from ...Marxist ideas in news stories.

...icles for the *American Socialist* and com... ...ougall reasoned "that while newspaper ...r for stories that make the capitalist sys... ...tem look bad, the best don't flinch ... from running such stories if they ... meet mainstream journalistic stand... ...ards for accuracy and objectivity."

During his days at the *Journal*, ... full advantage of the latitude *Journal* ...ure story topics and report on them in ...how he "introduced readers to the ideas ...in sympathetic page-one stories."

...hose opinions I knew in advance would ...ought out mainstream authorities to con... ...adical views I sought to popularize."

...ll as a "special business correspondent" ...time making it obvious where my sym... ...ing that "of the first dozen stories I wrote ...magazine *Mother Jones* and two others ...

...an opportunity to write a series that of... ...he United States is among the least equal ...editors nominated it for a Pulitzer Prize. ...d a new vehicle for his views. "I picked ...

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...under Award does not appear this month in order ...the Best Quotes of 1988 section. The feature will ...

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He continued: "Reagan shattered the dominance of the left. Unlike Reagan, Bush starts with a presumption of a center-right majority. With Reagan, the Democrats held their breath—they figured they could last for eight years. But I had Coelho tell me one afternoon before he resigned: 'I assume that Bush will be re-elected. Now we are looking at sixteen years.'

"We're finding the Democrats a little bit more accommodating," Gingrich added. "We've got to run a full-court press at it, but the psychological attitudes are changing."

"That's the change that, in all honesty, Jim Wright wasn't willing to accept," Walker said.

"Why have Republicans been so defensive?" I asked.

"When I came here in '79," Gingrich said, "Republicans in the House had been so battered by Watergate and by other losses that there was a presumption that you couldn't really expect a Republican to go head to head with a Democrat. So Republicans would slink onto the floor . . ."

"The Republicans themselves for a long time decided that we didn't have much to contribute," Walker said.

Later, however, when I asked Gingrich why there had been nothing but guilty silence from Republicans after they were accused of smearing Foley, he reverted to the present tense. Because for most Republicans, he said, "their instinct is to duck. They assume it's their duty as a loyal minority."

How does Gingrich enjoy the limelight? He said he was "very tired after two years of investigating Jim Wright. And I am very tired after the last three months of being hammered on by the liberal wing of the news media, in what has been a pretty consistent barrage." He objected to articles "written by people who are your political enemies masquerading as reporters."

He said he thought that 60 percent of the press corps is "remarkably fair," and another 20 percent somewhat biased but within "acceptable limits." The remaining 20 percent, "in my case, because I am now such a polarizing figure, gets real nasty." These are people, he said, who are "committed to a different value structure." He said that Lars Erik-Nelson deserved the "Vicious & Unethical Reporter of the Year Award." He added that *Time* magazine "has now decided to go after me," and that he was thinking about calling "their Washington bureau chief [Strobe Talbott], who is a very left-wing guy." He also said he had had "one or two bad experiences" with the Washington bureau of the *Wall Street Journal*, one involving an article "so wrong" that it was later retracted. The *New York Times* he thought "ideologically biased," but "they don't engage in the kind of personal assault that is all too common." And apart from the Style section, the *Washington Post* had been fair. "Chuck Babcock wrote a tough piece but he was even tougher on Tony Coelho."

The next day I saw Gingrich at a restaurant on Capitol Hill, exchanging a few words with Cokie Roberts, the reporter for NPR and ABC. "Is she fair?" I asked Gingrich. "No," he said without pausing. "Not in my opinion. She's a Democratic family member who works as a reporter." (Roberts is the daughter of Democratic Congresswoman Lindy Boggs.)

"What about the networks?" I asked Gingrich, back in the whip's office.

"Spotty," he said. "I'm about to do '60 Minutes' and I'll tell you after that's done."

"Are you afraid of that?"

"Well, of course you're afraid of it, but you don't have any choice. If you know that someone who is your ideological opponent has been assigned to cover you, you can refuse to cooperate or you can cooperate. If it's a big enough institution, you are better off cooperating, it seems to me. You might actually gain a little bit. We'll see." No guts, no glory. □

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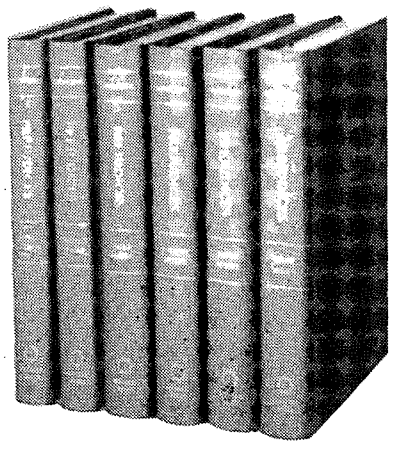

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Michael Ledeen

IRAN WITHOUT KHOMEINI

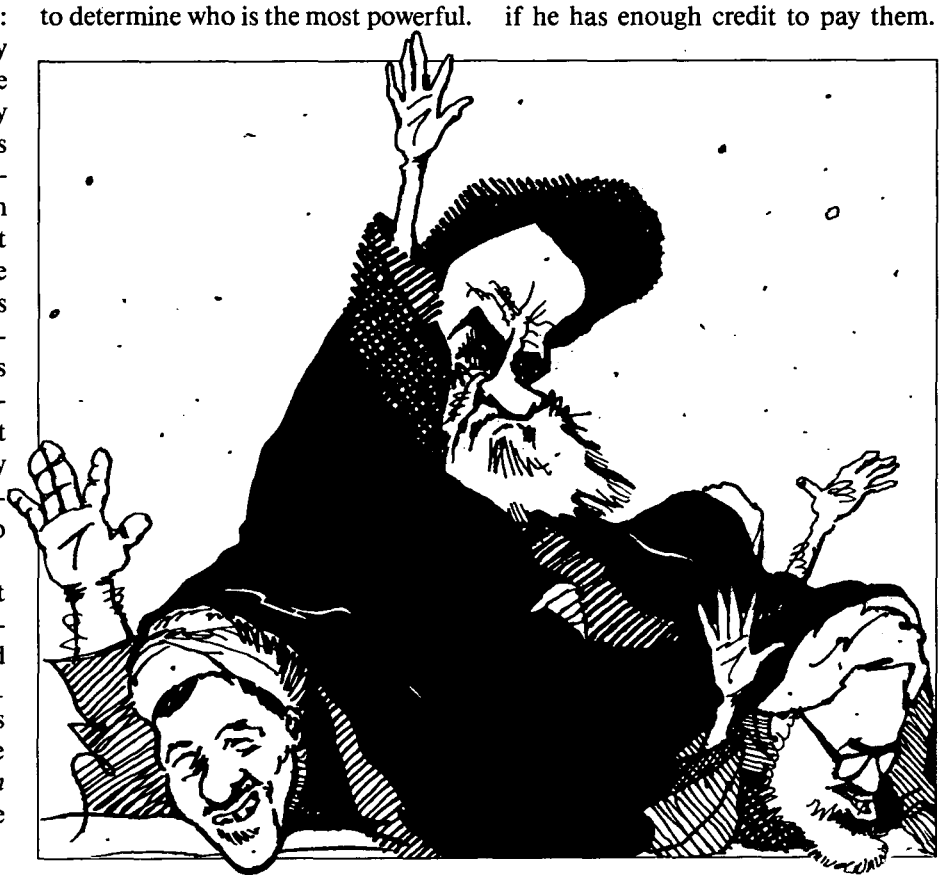
We are consoled during the official period of mourning by the knowledge that opportunities for better relations with the Ayatollah's successors will come our way if we are clever and patient.

Contrary to all our expectations and long experience, the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini finally died. This event had been predicted so many times over the past twenty years that when it finally happened it seemed almost an anticlimax. But the Iranians themselves gave us a funeral worthy of Cecil B. De Mille, complete with millions of mourners, frenzied keening, and even a final assault on the corpse for swatches of the great man's garments. In death as in life, Khomeini remained the grand master of mass hysteria, which after all accounted for a great deal of his lamentable success.

The same cannot be said about the would-be leaders he left behind. His own original hand-picked successor, the Ayatollah Montazeri, was purged before he even had a chance to wear the mantle of religious leader of the Islamic revolution. And the media's favorite "moderate," the leader of Iran's parliament, Mr. Rafsanjani, is a classic pol: clever, devious, happy to embrace any position so long as it is popular at the moment, a searcher for power at any price. He is also a deeply suspicious man who, for example, refused to believe that the Americans had landed an astronaut on the moon. He called it "Hollywood propaganda." This is the man who, for the moment at least, has taken charge in Tehran, and the analysts of chicken entrails and the readers of tea leaves must begin their predictions with him, and with President Khamenei, selected as head of state by the council of wise men that met immediately after Khomeini's death to select his first successor.

Ali Khamenei was no one's first choice to follow Khomeini as the second leader of the Islamic Republic, and that accounts for his elevation. For Khamenei is no threat to the serious contenders for Khomeini's power, not to Rafsanjani, not to Interior Minister Mohtashemi, and not to the son of the prophet, Ahmad Khomeini. Yet Khamenei is chief of state, and he will remain there even after the election of a new president a couple of months from now. Khamenei's politics are well known: he is a radical, thoroughly supportive of the most extreme version of Khomeini's visions, from the violent export of the Shiite revolution to the systematic use of terror to accomplish it. He was chosen as Khomeini's successor after the electors rejected Ahmad's candidacy. We do not know the details of this initial power struggle, but the most likely explanation is that the wise men wanted an interim period in which the strong candidates would fight with each other to determine who is the most powerful.

That power struggle will be the dominant theme in Iranian affairs for the next several months. For the moment, the dominant figure is Rafsanjani, who has variously represented the "opening to the West" (when he served as the primary channel to General Secord, Colonel North, the CIA's George Cave, and Albert Hakim), the "war party" (when he personally took command of the campaign against Iraq . . . and lost the war), and the "opening to the East" (his latest incarnation, citing the alleged urgings of Khomeini to deal with the lovable Gorbachev). The good news is that, with such a background, he can be supported by people with a wide range of convictions. The bad news is that he has made many enemies, and has yet to pay the inevitable price for losing the war. Sooner or later those bills will come due, and we shall have to wait to see if he has enough credit to pay them.



Meanwhile, the new battle front is domestic, and it is difficult to do justice to the cast of characters in Tehran, or to the sort of war of all against all that is now under way. This is the sort of war that the Chinese understand, and Americans strain to comprehend: the winners win, and the losers die. Many thousands of men and women have died in Khomeini's Iran, and in recent months they have even died in street fighting. The Revolutionary Guards have been divided into factions, each serving a different leader, and they have killed dozens of each other, and even mullahs and ayatollahs have been murdered by the private armies that roam the streets of Tehran and other major cities. Sometimes there is the pretense of a trial before the executions are carried out, but more often summary judgment is rendered on the victims' doorsteps.

While much of this savage war is purely personal (one must remember that treachery is the national sport of Iran), much of it is intensely ideological. The "radicals"—the keepers of the holy flame of Khomeiniism—view Iran as an island of purity in a sea of filth and degradation, and they have two overriding concerns: to maintain the purity of the revolution, and to combat the dark forces that surround them; from the Sunni monsters in such places as Baghdad and Riyadh, to the Zionist entity in Jerusalem, to the Great Satan in the White House. Since no quarter must be given in this holy war, the radicals' notion of effective policy includes a relentless export of Khomeini's Shiite Islam by all means, including terror, and a highly centralized control over all aspects of life in Iran, from religion to commerce.

At the opposite end of the limited political spectrum come the conservatives (often mislabeled "moderates"). These men, led by Montazeri, hold that centralized control over economic ac-

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Michael Ledeen is the author of Perilous Statecraft: An Insider's Account of the Iran-Contra Affair *and (with William Lewis)* Debacle: The American Failure in Iran.

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tivity is counterproductive, and that if Iran remains isolated from the Western world it will eventually find itself in mortal crisis. Thus, from the first days of the Islamic revolution, Montazeri and his followers argued for contacts with the West, including the United States. Curiously, the CIA and the vast majority of our journalists long held that Montazeri was one of the worst of the radical extremists, only coming to recognize the truth of the matter when he was deposed as Khomeini's heir.

Between these two blocs comes the usual swing group, moving from one pole to the other according to opportunity and careful sniffing of the political breezes. This means that the "consensus" in Tehran can shift dramatically from day to day, and that many of the policies of the Islamic Republic are subject to rapid change. From our standpoint, this also means that our ability to play a role in the future of Iran may come and go, and that any effective American policy must be able to shift as rapidly as the mood of the mullahs.

Looking back over the past four years, we can see that there were "windows of opportunity" when the conservatives temporarily held the upper hand. The first of these came in the second half of 1985, when the Iran Initiative was born. During this period we negotiated an end to Iranian terrorism against Americans and American targets, started to talk about a new relationship between the two countries, and obtained the release of the Rev. Benjamin Weir from his gaol in Lebanon. The window slammed shut when the unfortunate delivery of HAWK missiles took place in late November. They were not the missiles that the Iranians expected, and the event convinced them that they were being tricked by the Great Satan. After months of effort, a new window opened the following summer, two more hostages—Jenco and Jacobson—were permitted to leave, and a new dialogue began. This promising interlude was abruptly terminated by the Iran-contra scandal.

The third window of Western opportunity came in the spring of 1988, when Iran normalized relations with France, Canada, Kuwait, and Great Britain. It is quite likely that we could have done the same had we had the courage to try. But men like George Shultz were not about to go down a road that had so recently carried so many of their former colleagues over the precipice, and the opportunity was missed. The third window was sealed in the wake of the Rushdie affair, which carried the radicals to new heights of hegemony. That is where the matter stands today.

It should be evident that we need an Iran policy, and those who have discussed the matter with George Bush are unanimous in reporting that the President both understands and endorses this view. Iran is a country of enormous geopolitical significance to the West, sitting as it does astride the Soviets' potential avenue to the Gulf, and possessing as it does one of the largest and strongest armies in the Middle East. We do not wish to see an expansion of Soviet influence over Iran, nor do we wish to see Iran fall prey to the Lebanese disease of disintegration and civil war. Either of these developments would greatly complicate our search for peace and stability in the Middle East, and might well increase the terrorist threats to Americans.

We do not wish to see Iran fall prey to the Lebanese disease of disintegration and civil war.

Yet at the moment we have little to say about Iran's future, because Ronald Reagan insisted that the release of our hostages precede any new relationship, and because George Shultz refused to do anything to develop a coherent Iran policy. What, if anything, should we do now? The Iranians' view of America is disarmingly simple: the CIA commands the country, and much of the world, and George Bush is—indeed has been for many years—its leader. During the Iran-contra years, it emerged that the Iranian leaders believed that Bush was the only official who mattered in Washington, precisely because he had been head of the CIA. And from Rafsanjani to Khamenei, they were certain that Bush was the man with whom they were dealing. His election therefore came as no surprise in Tehran. (Would the most powerful man in the world lose an election?) It follows that they also believe that we have a plan for Iran (they cannot imagine that the CIA could possibly ignore a country as important as theirs).

Their immediate problem is to decipher our secret plans, so that they can act accordingly. That is one reason why they both welcomed and feared our Iran Initiative in 1985, for while they were pleased that we had finally established contact with them, they were afraid that our plans might not be good news for the leadership of the country.

The situation is much the same today, and this offers a glimmer of hope that the United States might yet be able to have a voice in Iran's future. The competing factions in Tehran each suspect that one of the others is favored by the Americans, and there is a great deal of dark thinking going on right now by those Iranians charged with forecasting the future actions of the United States. Our very inaction only increases their fears and suspicions, for, in their view of the world, this means that they have been unable to discover what we are really doing. Their uneasiness guarantees that they will pay very close attention to us when we finally decide to re-establish contact with them. At the moment, such an effort would be fruitless, for no fundamental policy decisions can be taken with the political class so intensely riven by the power game. But the situation may change at almost any moment, and Secretary of State Baker would do well to insist on a careful Iran strategy, so that he can move quickly when the opportunity *presents* itself.

And the West now has enough experience with Iran so that we know the basic rules:

- Don't talk about hostages until you've worked out the basic relationship between the two countries (just as the French did).
- But don't agree on a new relationship without getting the hostage matter resolved (as the British Foreign Office did).
- The only negotiations that work are secret.
- The Iranians view negotiations (barter) as an integral part of life. They don't expect us to tell them the truth (or quote the real price) the first time around and they are in no rush to resolve anything.
- Keep your sense of humor. It's going to be a long one. □

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Robert D. Novak

THE SHIFTY RICHARD GEPHARDT

The K-car congressman retooled himself for his 1988 presidential drive and he's not likely to change models as the House Democrats' new majority leader. His style may not be racy, but his interior is showroom clean.

Richard A. Gephardt had been all but invisible in Washington for over a year, dating from the collapse of his 1988 presidential campaign to his elevation to the House majority leadership. That posed a question: Was he undergoing yet another retooling?

No, an all-new '89 Gephardt model was not being prepared behind the closed doors of his political garage. He is still basically the '88 model, safely liberal on nearly all litmus issues where a Democrat must be liberal and bearing not much resemblance to the 35-year-old social conservative who arrived in Washington as a freshman congressman in 1977. When comprehensive retooling for his presidential campaign did not impress the Iowa customers, it was topped off early last year by a radical change in style—to populistic economic nationalism—to make him marketable.

Gephardt is sticking with that. In his year out of the spotlight, he has been learning a little Japanese, refining his formulations, and preparing himself for what he believes is a great test of survival for the United States. There was no secret that he was also getting ready for the 1992 presidential election, honing arguments that worked well in 1988 until he ran out of money, and making sure this time that he would have an ample war chest.

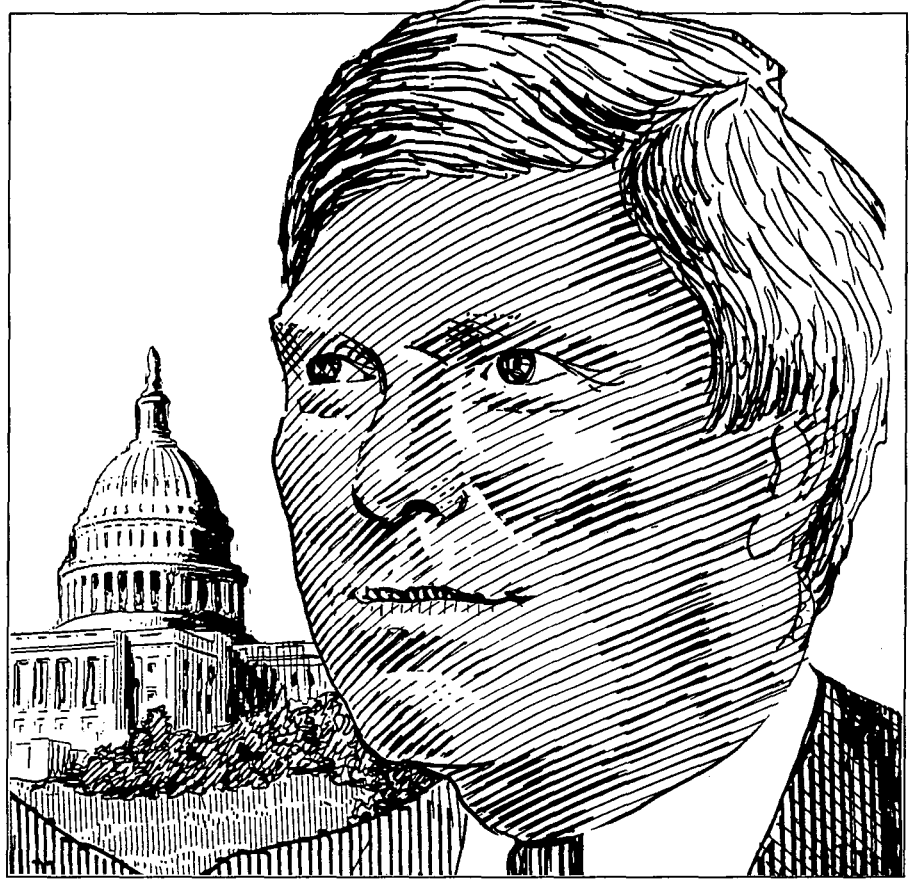
But plans for 1992 were shelved by the chaos in the House Democratic leadership that has resulted in Gephardt's unscheduled election as majority leader (though his staunchest supporters insist that another race for the White House lies somewhere in the future). As majority leader, he will no longer enjoy the unrestricted freedom of a private member to pursue the theme of economic nationalism that he feels is central to the survival of his party and, indeed, his nation. Even so, no previous leader of the House of Representatives has been so tightly bound to a single issue. At the same time, few have been so ambivalent about their ideological base.

There is something elusive about this lifelong politician, still boyishly red-haired and freshly scrubbed at forty-eight. His earnestness as a 30-year-old alderman in St. Louis earned him the enduring label of "Little Dickie Do-Right." He was not then and is not now one of the boys. "Not a guy for pizza and beer," says a colleague on the House Ways and Means Committee. Yet his quick rise to authority in the House was powered not only by his presumed invulnerability to the current ethical inquisition but also by a hardness of purpose behind that bland facade.

Nowhere is that hardness more evident than in his changed outlook toward abortion. A Baptist married to a Catholic, Gephardt through his first four terms was as pro-life as any member of Congress. Contending that life "begins with conception," he told the House a few weeks after being sworn in: "The Declaration of Independence asserts that 'all men are created equal.' It follows that a person becomes such when he is created and that, in my opinion, is the factual point when life begins."

Nearly ten years later, Gephardt withdrew his longtime support for the pro-life constitutional amendment. "I've not changed my beliefs on abortion," he insisted. Then why change his position? A matter of "mechanics," he said. There is no "clear consensus in the country or the Congress to initiate an amendment." Asked to respond to complaints from the St. Louis Catholic Archdiocese that "we feel disappointed and betrayed," Gephardt cited his 70 percent re-election victory in the election immediately following his shift as popular validation for his new position.

He has continued to vote against federal financing of abortions for the poor, most recently last year when the House voted to bar locally raised District of Columbia funds. But in his campaign for President, he vowed never to veto abortion-funding. Nor did his name appear on the letter of pro-life Democrats to National Chairman Ron Brown, urging a change in national party policy. Rep. David Bonior of Michigan, then chief deputy majority whip who in almost all other respects is far more liberal than Gephardt, signed it. Why not Gephardt? Because a pro-life position on abortion is as poisonous for an ambitious Democrat today as a pro-choice position is for a Republican. Bonior's pro-life position may not account for his poor showing in a race for majority whip on the day Gephardt was elected majority leader, but it certainly didn't help.



Gephardt is not unique in inching leftward as prospects for advancement loomed. Both Jim Wright and Tom Foley were markedly more centrist in their voting records a decade earlier than on the day each was elected Speaker. What makes Gephardt unusual is the thoroughness of his conversion. It is truly as though the middle-roading congressman, who by dint of hard work had made his way to election as chairman of the House Democratic Caucus, decided that if he were to be the first sitting House member elected President since James Garfield, he would need a top-to-bottom retooling to create a 1988 presidential model.

Nowhere was his shift more thorough than on national defense issues. In a two-man debate at Des Moines in the summer of 1987, Michael Dukakis took Gephardt by surprise in recounting some of Gephardt's old congressional votes: in favor of the neutron bomb, the MX missile, the B-1 bomber,

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and the Strategic Defense Initiative. Gephardt defended nothing. In fact, his more recent votes were against the contras, for the nuclear test ban, against chemical weapons, against SDI. As calculated by the American Security Council, his defense rating was 90 percent in 1982, zero in 1988. "On any issue," Gephardt told Dukakis in Des Moines, "I'd rather change and be right than be rigid and wrong." This year for the first time he voted, along with only eighty other House members, for the Congressional Black Caucus budget radically reducing defense spending.

The change is not limited to abortion or national defense. Tuition tax credits for parochial schools: formerly supported, now opposes. Department of Education: formerly opposed, now supports. Increase in the minimum wage: formerly opposed, now supports. The minimum wage flip-flop was consistent with a general move toward pro-labor positions. His lack of interest in tax reform after co-sponsoring the pioneer Democratic bill with Sen. Bill Bradley coincided with organized labor's hostility, although Gephardt never fully accepted, as Bradley did, the tradeoff of lower tax rates for the rich in return for repeal of special tax benefits. At the height of the tax reform fight in July 1986, Gephardt accused President Reagan of being "severely misguided about the whole idea of tax reform" in wanting a top rate of 28 percent.

But it was Gephardt who seemed confused. In 1981, he broke party ranks to support the Reagan tax cut. In 1984, he was pressing—even before Walter Mondale—for a massive tax increase. Missing the entire political rationale of tax reform, he declared after Mondale's defeat: "I think it is very hard to have tax reform unless you have the sweet-coating of deficit reduction." On the campaign trail in 1987, he defended the 1981 tax cut as preventing a worse recession and prophesied that Dukakis's implied support for higher taxes might make him another Mondale.

His overall voting record, as rated by the American Conservative Union, hovered around 33 percent in the late seventies but slipped to zero in 1986. His liberal rating, evaluated by the Americans for Democratic Action, averaged around 50 percent in the 1970s but rose as high as 85 percent in 1983 and was 75 percent last year.

That 1988 performance was marred in the eyes of the ADA only by his anti-abortion vote and his support of the death penalty for drug dealers. On the other issues measured by the ADA—welfare, civil rights, defense spending, South Africa, gay rights, female rights—Gephardt voted the straight liberal line. Also included in the ADA rating was support for a proposal, defeated in the House, to put a seven-day waiting period on handgun purchases, with ineligible purchasers blacklisted by the federal government. That was the belated finishing touch in Gephardt's retooling. As recently as February 22, 1987, the day he formally announced his presidential candidacy, he declared opposition to further gun controls: "I'm for leaving it the way it is."

This course led to tough anti-Gephardt commercials in 1988 accusing him of flip-flopping. But he doesn't explain his transformation as a conversion to a higher truth. "My basic outlook is unchanged," he told me the day before his election as majority leader. "It never has changed."

Gephardt is not unique in inching leftward as prospects for advancement loomed. What makes him unusual is the thoroughness of his conversion.

The retooled Gephardt set out for Iowa in 1987 with the gritty work ethic that has characterized his entire life, determined to spend more time there than any other candidate. Not only his tactics but his basic campaign speech conveyed that message. "Ronald Reagan made us feel good," he told Iowans. "Now we must be good." In other words, work harder!

The dogs—those in Iowa, anyway—were turning up their noses at that dog food. I vividly recall a dreary campaign Sunday in the summer of 1987 when Gephardt tried to persevere through the torment of Iowa retail politics, seeking to sell himself to doctrinaire liberal activists in groups of not more than twenty. At one stop, a grim-faced harridan asked his position on national defense. When Gephardt obligingly replied he would cut spending, she bristled and snapped: "Cut it? I want it eliminated!"

With his Iowa poll ratings vegetating at the five percent level as 1988 began, and the political insiders consigning his campaign to the scrap heap, an event that goes to the heart of Dick Gephardt saved his candidacy and arguably his future in national politics. This was the radical styling change that made the '88 model marketable.

The memorable nub of his new speech and his new television commercial was a demand that South Korea remove tariffs that he said lifted the price of a Chrysler K-car there to $48,000. "If they refuse," Gephardt added, "they are going to leave the table wondering how they are going to sell a Hyundai in America for $48,000 a copy." His speeches blasted "the big grain companies and food companies," OPEC, and the editorial writers of the *Wall Street Journal* and other papers. "Unfair trade practices [by foreign countries] do not lower the standard of living of economists; and the editorial board of the *Washington Post* does not have to worry about its jobs being shipped abroad," he said. His own advisers privately described this as an appeal to people who are losers and are afraid of being losers, two groups which in combination compose a considerable portion of Democratic primary voters.

The dogs loved that dog food. His "new approach" resurrected his campaign, won the Iowa caucuses, and might well have won the nomination had he not run out of money. His supporters believe he would have been elected President against George Bush, and there is no sign Gephardt disagrees. Bill Carrick, an experienced Democratic professional operative who managed Gephardt's presidential campaign, believes he is the first Democrat in a generation with an economic program that appeals to Joe Sixpack.

But for the first time in his career, the liberal news-media pack turned against Gephardt. "Everything about Gephardt's plodding political career and his bland personality suggests that his new-found progressive-populist passion is phony," stormed *New Republic* editor Michael Kinsley. "But even if the passion is sincere, the populism is a fraud." The *Washington Post*'s columnists also unloaded broadsides on Gephardt. "He has fine-tuned the art of demagoguery," wrote veteran financial columnist Hobart Rowen. The newspaper's book critic, Jonathan Yardley, called Gephardt the Artificial Man and compared him with Bill McKay, the protagonist in the 1972 film *The Candidate*. Political columnist Richard Cohen sneered that "Righteous Richard" had become "Demagogue Dick."

Gephardt, who is remarkably affable in the face of most criticism, to this day burns over media criticism that his populist surge in Iowa was the creation of speechwriter Bob Shrum and media consultant David Doak. He rejects as "silly" the notion that "handlers" restyled him. With no little justification, he defends the Hyundai speech as a refinement of what he had been saying for years. What Shrum and Doak contributed was advice not to worry about offending a few people.

Indeed, Gephardt's Hyundai speech was grounded on beliefs about international competition more rigid than his positions on other issues. He had long since embraced the radical farm plan by Sen. Tom Harkin of Iowa that would subsidize American farmers by keeping out foreign competition. "The free market is not sacred," he has said, calling for penalties against "countries that violate international labor agreements." Like many Japan-bashers, he is fonder of Japanese practices than free traders. "America has to become more like Japan," he has said (adding that "Japan has to become more like Ameri-

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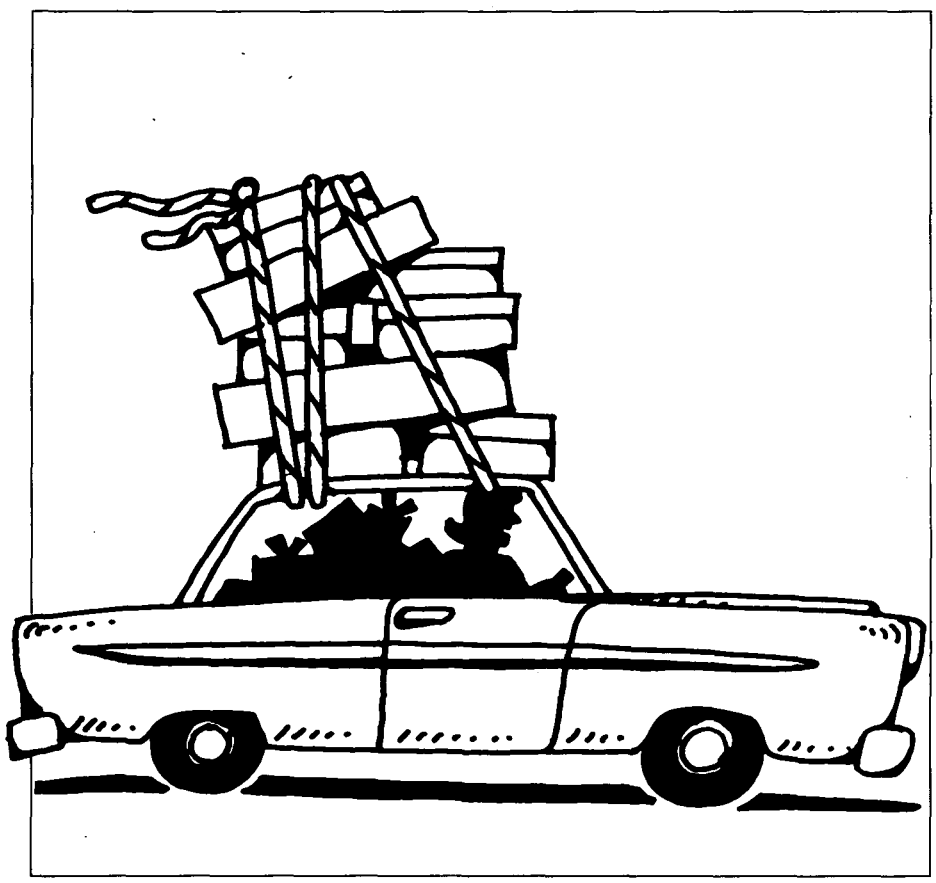
ca"). He has gone out of his way to be able to recognize a few words and phrases in Japanese "because the Japanese are great at learning our language."

Gephardt's stylistic change in Iowa is described by friends in pop sociological terms as his father's worldview winning out over his mother's.

Loreen Gephardt, a legal secretary and devout Baptist, inculcated in her son the doctrine that all good things will come to those who work hard enough. As he worked his way through Northwestern University (where he was student body president) and the University of Michigan Law School, joined an establishment St. Louis law firm, became an alderman, was sent to Congress at age thirty-five, and was elected chairman of the Democratic Caucus after serving four terms, it certainly seemed that Loreen's formula had succeeded. So why shouldn't it mean that her son's early bird announcement for the presidency and tireless work would also send him to the White House?

But the late Lou Gephardt experienced a different world. Farming in Missouri and hating every unprofitable minute of it, he came to St. Louis to sell life insurance and was none too successful at that either. Forced to support his family by selling milk door-to-door, he strained his back and suffered a permanent disability. Life is not always so sweet for those not privileged, Lou learned, and his son was rediscovering that truth as his presidential campaign went nowhere. Although described as a pinstripe populist, he had enough personal experience to stand with the losers of the world against the winners.



To do that, Gephardt employed a little political license in his Hyundai speech. The cost of a K-car in Seoul is more like $38,000 than $48,000. More to the point, heavy Korean taxation means even domestic cars don't cost much less. Similarly, when Gephardt at the same time claimed that an Apple computer costing $1,500 in the U.S. costs $3,000 in Japan because of "unfair trade practices," he received a quick rebuttal from the head of Apple Computer in Japan for displaying "a modicum of ignorance." The computer costs more in Japan not because of unfair trade practices but because Japanese-language word processing is much more complicated and the company chooses to match rather than undercut the prices set by the competition.

Adjusting facts to fit theories is congenital for politicians, but Gephardt has been especially prone to the practice. A presidential fund-raising letter over his signature declared: "The Reagan Administration has cut aid to veterans while more Vietnam veterans have committed suicide than were killed in the war." That perpetuated a flagrant, widely disseminated falsehood that should have been caught by Gephardt, who reviews all mail going out over his signature. According to a 1983 government study, 9,200 Vietnam vets had committed suicide, compared to 58,000 American soldiers killed in the war. The Gephardt campaign acknowledged and apologized for the error when it was pointed out, but no retraction was sent to the mailing list.

That is minor league deception for House Democrats stunned by the disgrace of Jim Wright and Tony Coelho. The near-consensus selection of Gephardt as majority leader was prompted by the perception that he had passed the magnifying glass inspection given a presidential candidate. Actually, the Gephardt campaign's financial operations were on the edge, in getting two unsecured loans from banks whose officials were associated with his campaign and in fudging the figures to pretend that his spending had not gone over legal limits in Iowa.

Gephardt, who is remarkably affable in the face of most criticism, to this day burns over media criticism that his populist surge in Iowa was the creation of speechwriter Bob Shrum and media consultant David Doak.

He clearly is no candidate for an Ethics Committee investigation. Unlike some prominent Democratic colleagues, Gephardt has not magically transformed himself into a millionaire while serving on the public payroll. He doesn't own a single share of stock or a bond, junk or otherwise. He recently sold his $500,000 home in fashionable Great Falls, Virginia, to buy a $350,000 house, relatively modest by Washington suburban standards, and sold his $105,000 home in St. Louis to get an $80,000 condo. The purpose of these transactions is to raise enough capital to send his eldest son, Matt, to Duke University ($17,509 a year), a sacrifice that has drawn expressions of awe in the House Democratic cloakroom, where acquisitory greed has been the rule. The trading down in his two houses has given him a money-market nest egg of around $125,000 to educate his three children, which he says is the extent of his net worth.

Clean though he is, Gephardt is not one of those congressmen who have foresworn speech honoraria or campaign contributions from political action committees (PACs). He reported $32,421 in honoraria for 1988 (of which $5,572 was contributed to charity to put him under the limit), including payments by the Tobacco Institute, the Wine Institute, Shearson Lehman, and RJR Nabisco.

He is the leading House member on the PAC circuit, with a first-place $612,854 reported for his congressional campaign last year. The contributors read like the Fortune 500: Hughes Aircraft, TWA, Owens-Illinois, Heublein, Anheuser-Busch, Bristol-Myers, Allstate, RJR Nabisco, Grumman, J. C. Penney, Chrysler, United Airlines, Philip Morris, Allied-Signal, Texas Air, Ralston Purina, American Airlines, Exxon, Transamerica, Boeing, Drexel Burnham, AT&T, and many, many more. Gephardt does not follow the egregious congressional practice of hoarding unspent campaign funds; he has only $1,000 left over.

Gephardt's continuing popularity with corporate contributors after his corporate-bashing rhetoric adds to his ambiguity as a political figure, but the same elusiveness applies to his personality. He is a man whom most of his colleagues find difficult to dislike, though he turns off some committed liberals. "He seems disengaged from what you're telling him," one corporate lobbyist, who happens to be a fervent Democratic activist, told me, "like he's thinking back to some Baptist Sunday school class." Rep. Charles Rangel of New York, a senior Democratic colleague on the House Ways and Means Committee, makes no secret of his astonishment that Gephardt ever was elected caucus chairman, much less majority leader.

The key, apart from Gephardt's presumed invulnerability to the ethics police, is his skill in harmonizing differing viewpoints. That was most apparent in his effort to work out a Gramm-Rudman deficit-cutting act that Democrats could support (a labor his defenders say prevented him from participating more actively in the 1986 tax reform fight). The *Washington Post*, which was not at all pleased by his campaign performance in 1988, commented editorially after his election as majority leader: "Mr. Gephardt had a mercifully brief and rather scratchy populist phase on trade and farm policy that coincided with the Democratic presidential primaries, but most of his career has been spent as a blender of divergent views; that is the skill on which he has mainly risen."

But that suggests the Hyundai speech was an aberration, and a talk with either Gephardt or his closest associates makes clear it was not. A hard-nosed economic nationalism is part of his political persona, and he will not abandon it because of his new role. "The Democrats and the country need a consensus—but one with an edge," he said. The edge is what Dick Gephardt preached on the campaign trail in Iowa, and that surely achieves no consensus—adding another contradiction to the new majority leader's list. □

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Micah Morrison

THE YELLOWSTONE SCAM

The National Park Service cons the President, the press, and the public.

Mammoth Hot Springs

The historic fires of '88 were snuffed by the autumn snows nearly a year ago, but the smoke is thicker than ever. These days, a smoke screen is billowing out from here at the Yellowstone headquarters of the National Park Service (NPS), where federal officials, in a successful damage-control effort, have hoodwinked the President and the press, misled the public, and turned some of the biggest forest fires in recorded memory into nothing more than Mom Nature's little weenie roast.

It's a complicated story, and the NPS is not the only culprit. It's more a story of dishonor than of outright villainy, a story of the cowardly and arrogant behavior endemic to the bureaucratic mind. It's also a story of lazy journalism missing the story once again, crumbling beneath its own sloth and a kill-the-messenger campaign by the NPS. And it's a story of certain environmental groups enjoying a rather too cozy relationship with the Park Service. As a result, the public has been presented with a sanitized version of the fires of '88 and their political and economic repercussions—a curtain is being drawn around events that could reshape not only the boundaries of Yellowstone National Park but also the traditional culture of the American West.

• • •

The NPS might as well adopt the tune "Don't Worry, Be Happy" as its anthem for 1989. The fires that swept across nearly one million of the park's 2.2 million acres and through surrounding forests are being portrayed as simply another turn in the ecological cycle. "Welcome to a Changing Yellowstone," announces a special supplement handed to every visitor entering the park. "Yellowstone: A New Beginning" trumpets another glossy publication. The company holding the contract for Yellowstone's lucrative tourist trade, TW Recreational Services, produced a dreamy 17-minute videotape featuring idyllic landscapes, happy tourists, graceful elk and lumbering buffalo, sparkling streams, and, oh yes, about four minutes of heavily edited fire footage. Thousands of copies were mailed to travel writers and agents, along with copious printed material. The message: forget about the fires, come to Yellowstone.

According to numerous NPS publications and official reports, "meteorological events"—drought, heat, wind—were responsible for the fires. The NPS policy of letting naturally caused fires burn is defended. "Yellowstone: A New Beginning" explains that mapping inside the park's boundaries "indicates that a maximum of 988,925 acres experienced some kind of burning. Of that, 562,350 acres was 'canopy burn,' meaning that the forest was blackened. Another 372,350 acres was 'surface burn,' meaning that only the forest underbrush burned, and most trees will not die. . . . Recovery has started and biologists say much of the burned area will be green and lush come spring." The publication features sixteen color photos, only two of which show burned forest areas.

The news from the NPS gets better. There is, for example, the case of the lodgepole pines and their heat-sensitive, seed-releasing serotinous cones—cited in virtually every media report. Lodgepole pines form approximately 80 percent of the park's trees. Thankfully, according to the NPS, the "vast forest of lodgepole pines are fire tolerant. Fires caused many cones to open and release their seeds; preliminary surveys at several sites in the park revealed that within a few days after the fire, densities of new seeds on the ground ranged from 50,000 to one million per acre (which equals one to twenty seeds per square foot). Yellowstone's forests have regenerated countless times and are well on their way to doing so again."

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

With fire heat estimated as high as 1000° Fahrenheit on the surface, some biologists have expressed concern about soil sterilization. Not so, says the NPS. "Soil surveys have shown that no more than one-tenth of one percent of the park received severe enough burn intensity to kill the roots, rhizomes, bulbs, and seeds that lie a few inches under the surface. . . . The fire released nutrients that will enrich the soils, further promoting growth." As for the animals, the NPS reports that "mammal populations sustained only small losses." Humanoids, too, are not abandoning Yellowstone. In June, park officials announced that spring visits were up 23 percent over the previous year.

The only sobering note in all this good cheer, and it is a note sounded over and over, is the role of those damn reporters. "Enormous public confusion resulted from hasty reports in the media," notes one park document. There was "frequent and unfortunate oversimplification and exaggeration," says another. Park Superintendent Robert Barbee has appeared in Washington and a number of European capitals with the message that the media distorted the Yellowstone fires. Apparently, the only group he hasn't met with is local residents.

When the park launched a May public relations blitz, the media, chastened and apparently unwilling to do any digging on their own, trumpeted the NPS line. "Yellowstone Lives!" announced *U.S. News & World Report*; "From Yellowstone Ashes, New Life

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Micah Morrison, roving correspondent for The American Spectator, *is working on a book about Yellowstone and the fires of 1988 for Harper & Row.*

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and Approach," ran the *New York Times* headline. "As Snow Melts, Yellowstone's Rebirth Begins," said the *Washington Post*. The *U.S. News* approach, written by Michael Satchell, in the May 15 edition, is a perfect model of the story repeated in newspaper, radio, and television reports across the country. It begins with tiny wildflowers sprouting in blackened meadows, moves on to observe peacefully grazing animals (preferably with a few newborns romping nearby), and then eyes are lifted to the horizon, where "stands of evergreen lodgepole pine, interlaced with lifeless swaths of rust-red and black trees that have perished from heat or flames," keep watch over the placid valley. We are out with park biologist Don Despain, a kind and patient man who seems to spend all his time shepherding journalists. (The Despain tour was repeated for me and, no doubt, hundreds of other reporters.) He opens his Swiss Army knife and digs into a blackened meadow now fresh with a thin coat of new grass. He turns up a few roots beneath a half inch of charred soil. Birds twitter nearby. We marvel over the new grass and cluck about a few burned trees at the outskirts of the meadow. We hear about the seeds from serotinous cones of the lodgepole pines. "By June," says *U.S. News*, pine shoots "will be poking up through the ash. Within five years these saplings will be waist high. . . . Grasses and shrubs will also flourish, leaving the forest healthier and more biologically diverse." Yellowstone's chief scientist, John Varley, steps in: "The fires simply have no ecological downside." Varley unceasingly sounds variations on this theme—one local resident compared him to a "tent revivalist." To me it sometimes seemed like a weird mix of an environmental Big Lie and Potemkin Village: Fire is nice. See the green meadow. See the wildflowers. The park is wonderful. Ignore the elk carcass floating in the lake. Don't worry. Be happy.

Yet there is one evil gremlin lurking in the woods, and he isn't carrying a torch. Yellowstone officials and their allies speak of an "ecosystem" [1] that includes the park and millions of acres of adjacent land. The ecosystem argument is not without validity, and we'll come to it in a moment, but here is Mr. Satchell of *U.S. News* exercising his critical acumen from economically moribund Wyoming: last year's "smoke and flames ironically obscured what most experts think is the true threat to the park's future: development." Fire can't destroy the "Greater Yellowstone ecosystem . . . [but the] realistic fear is that the tapestry of America's most ecologically pristine national park will be unraveled, thread by thread, as its creeks are poisoned by mining wastes, endangered grizzlies are shot as they stray over the ecosystem's shrinking boundaries, forest clear-cuts destroy scenic viewscapes and the development squeeze turns Yellowstone into a big-sky version of Central Park."

[1]The Yellowstone region is a chaotic mix of federal, state, and private lands. The NPS, with a mandate to preserve Yellowstone's natural state, is a division of the Department of Interior. The surrounding wilderness areas are administered by the U.S. Forest Service, a division of the Department of Agriculture; the Forest Service's mandate is "multiple-use," which allows some mining, ranching, logging, and fuel operations in parts of the national forests. The Yellowstone region encompasses parts of Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho. The Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem itself is an as-yet undefined six- to twelve-million-acre swath around the park: a sort of ecological buffer zone.

NBC's Tom Brokaw is a major treehugger and an important asset of the Greater Yellowstone Coalition.

So, to summarize the NPS account of the fires and the latest media relay: the fires were not nearly as bad as reported. The flames sketched a "mosaic" of burned and green patches across the park. "Renewal" is the theme. The NPS's policy of natural regulation—the phrase "let-it-burn" is frowned upon—has proved sound. A mere half million acres were "blackened" by severe burn, and the other 300,000 burned acres will quickly spring back to life. This is only about 48 percent of the park. Seeds from lodgepole pines will speedily repopulate the forests, and the soil is not sterilized. In fact, the fire was good for the soil. The animals are fine, the tourists are coming back, and the true challenge lies in preserving the Greater Yellowstone ecosystem from the encroachment of "developers."

A nice story, but full of holes. Residents of the "gateway communities" around Yellowstone and some employees of the NPS are furious. They claim that the NPS allowed the fires to get out of control and now is trying to cover up the damage and direct public attention away from the issue. "The National Park Service is trying to bury the controversy," said a year-round resident of the tiny, isolated town of Cooke City, where feelings are especially bitter after the community came within hours of being totally destroyed by the fires. Yellowstone is the major employer in the area and most residents spoke on the condition of anonymity, fearing retribution.

Yellowstone, a federal entity, long has had a running battle with the surrounding small towns. "Does Yellowstone exist for the people in the gateway communities?" pointedly asked Mary Davis, an NPS information officer. She added what seemed to be a veiled warning: "Cooke City is most dependent on us. We keep the road to them plowed, we supply police and fire and ambulance. Sometimes they forget that this park has the word 'National' in its name." Others have been even less kind. One writer called the gateway towns "economic parasites." Another compared them to "spoiled children."

Federal authority looms large in the area, and the townspeople are frustrated by their political powerlessness.

NPS reports of the fires are "all a bunch of goddamn lies," said John Griscomb, a Montana businessman. Local people know the countryside well and warned of out-of-control blazes early in the summer of '88. They were ignored. As the fires began to run out of control, the NPS played down local complaints and turned away pleas for action. (Some of these charges are detailed in my November 1988 *TAS* report, "While Yellowstone Burned.") Now, adding insult to injury, the NPS acts as if nothing happened. "We know some of the fires were inevitable, but some weren't," a Cooke City motel owner told me. "All we want is the truth—and an apology."

The truth and an apology—neither will be easy to come by. Based on a recent two-week visit to the region, it is clear to me that the NPS is providing nothing resembling the whole story. Two separate sources in the NPS told me that Park Superintendent Robert Barbee and Chief Scientist John Varley have convened meetings of department heads and instructed them to confront all questioners with "vague, feel good" answers. Other sources confirm that these instructions have been passed on to all employees at orientation meetings. "The entire session," said one person who attended an orientation meeting, "was about how to deal with the media." Reporters have been steered away from heavily damaged areas. Park employees involved in firefighting have been warned not to make waves.

Only a lengthy investigation of NPS actions during and after the fires and a careful survey of Yellowstone will establish if park officials engaged in a cover-up of actions taken during and after the fires, or simply are putting the best face on a bad situation. In the matter of those serotinous lodgepole pinecones, for instance, it turns out that the study was conducted decades ago. According to a biologist I consulted; only 30 percent of the pines bear effective serotinous cones. Lies—or spin control? I hiked through blasted zones where there was not a cone or pine shoot in sight; other areas showed some pine shoot growth, but an experienced outdoorsman told me that the vast majority of the shoots will not survive. Local residents also claim that the NPS has lied about the number of animals killed during the fires. They repeatedly charge that some of the fires could have been put out early and that the NPS lied about their true size. They ridicule the notion that much of the burned areas will soon spring back to life. And then there are the current glowing reports of increased tourism. Many of the tourists are from nearby towns and counties, driving through for a look. Motel owners I spoke with in early June said bookings were way down, and backcountry guide services say they have been driven close to bankruptcy.

To be sure, Yellowstone lives, and much of it is still spectacularly beautiful. But hike off the road for a while and you may encounter vast stretches of decimated landscape. It isn't just "blackened canopy burn," it's some of the most beautiful spots in the nation gone forever from our lives and our children's lives. Nature, of course, is a savage mistress and sometimes all we can do is stay out of her way. Yet if man is partly or wholly responsible for the destruction in Yellowstone, shouldn't man be called to account? After some of the greatest forest fires in history, should we uncritically accept the explanations of the very people to whom Yellowstone's care was entrusted before the fires? If a Pan Am jet crashes into a mountain, would we let Pan Am issue the official report on the crash?

I walked through the park, drove through it, took an all-terrain vehicle up into some of the adjacent wilderness sectors and talked with backcountry guides and long-time residents who have seen treasured groves and 300-year-old Douglas firs wiped from the face of the earth. Nature's ways they can live with, man's errors they can live with—man's lies and denials and evasions they cannot live with. Something is gone. My foot sinks into black ash on the forest floor, crazy white lines criss-cross the deep powder: markers of death where trees fell and vanished in 1000° heat, leaving only lines of pale ash. Black poles fall away from me on all sides, running down a hill and back up a mountainside, spreading out around the whole valley. I dig down, looking for soil, a root, anything.

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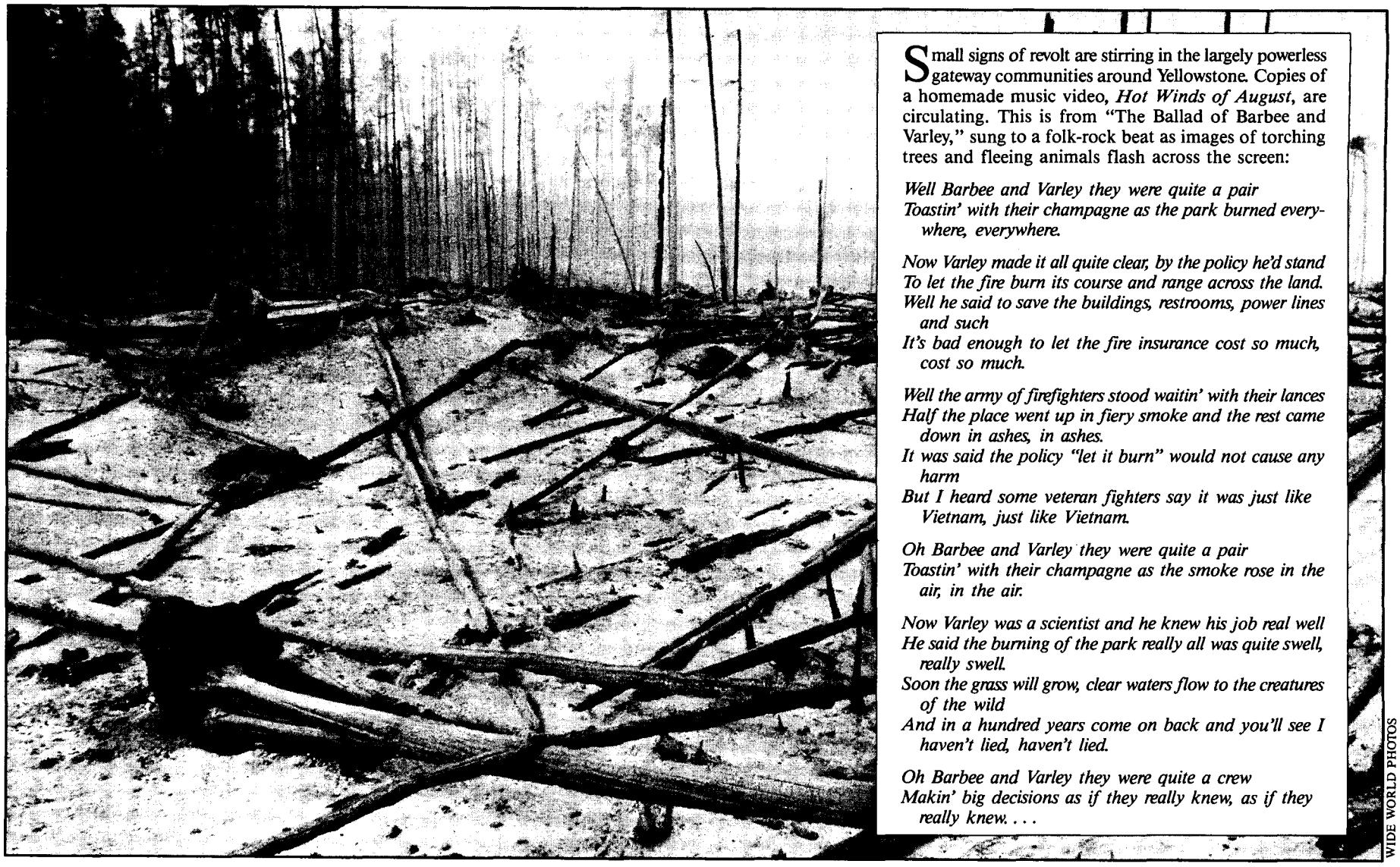

Small signs of revolt are stirring in the largely powerless gateway communities around Yellowstone. Copies of a homemade music video, *Hot Winds of August*, are circulating. This is from "The Ballad of Barbee and Varley," sung to a folk-rock beat as images of torching trees and fleeing animals flash across the screen:

Well Barbee and Varley they were quite a pair
Toastin' with their champagne as the park burned everywhere, everywhere.

Now Varley made it all quite clear, by the policy he'd stand
To let the fire burn its course and range across the land.
Well he said to save the buildings, restrooms, power lines and such
It's bad enough to let the fire insurance cost so much, cost so much.

Well the army of firefighters stood waitin' with their lances
Half the place went up in fiery smoke and the rest came down in ashes, in ashes.
It was said the policy "let it burn" would not cause any harm
But I heard some veteran fighters say it was just like Vietnam, just like Vietnam.

Oh Barbee and Varley they were quite a pair
Toastin' with their champagne as the smoke rose in the air, in the air.

Now Varley was a scientist and he knew his job real well
He said the burning of the park really all was quite swell, really swell.
Soon the grass will grow, clear waters flow to the creatures of the wild
And in a hundred years come on back and you'll see I haven't lied, haven't lied.

Oh Barbee and Varley they were quite a crew
Makin' big decisions as if they really knew, as if they really knew. . . .

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Nothing will grow here, not for a long time. I look at the black and silent valley, near the origin of the North Fork fire on the west side of Yellowstone. No "mosaic" here. Yes, in other places the fire did jump and burn, and you can see fascinating and grotesque shapes on the mountainsides, as if some ancient Indian god had come flaming down from the sky and commenced a deadly ghost dance. Over across the other side of the park, a guide tells me, Cache Creek has been torn to pieces. Other places too. He stops, unable to continue. There are places, moments, that Barbee and Varley would like to paste a Smiley Face over. Moments when we look upon the fury that has overtaken parts of Yellowstone and, like Lear on the heath, rage against those "sulphurous and thought-executing fires."

Beyond the immediate issues, a complex political battle over the future of Yellowstone is shaping up. The fight could contribute to the shape of national environmental policies, particularly the management of our natural resources. On one side is the NPS and a number of liberal environmental groups led by an outfit called the Greater Yellowstone Coalition (GYC). This group's mode of outdoor use tends toward hiking and skiing. It aligns itself with the NPS goal of "preserving" the environment, or "ecosystem," a term the GYC has done much to popularize. Satchell in *U.S. News* voiced the GYC view of things: a general antipathy toward development. The GYC's long-term goals are an expansion of park preserves and a centralization of the area's fragmented administrative authority into what one of their writers calls a "National Biosphere Reserve."

On the other side is a loose array of traditional economic interests—ranching, mining, timber—plus assorted snowmobilers, hunters, and other conservative elements. This group aligns itself with U.S. Forest Service concepts of "multiple use" of wilderness areas. They bristle at suggestions that they are servants of industry and pillagers of the land. They appear to be slowly coalescing into something called the "Wise Use Movement," centered on *Our Land* magazine in Idaho.[2] Once again, though, the conservatives are playing catch-up with the liberals. In local terms, it's the "gearheads" (conservatives) versus the "granolas" or "treehuggers" (liberals).

Things can get downright nasty. Gearheads suggest that treehuggers are radical interlopers seeking to destroy traditional labor and lifestyles by choking land use. Treehuggers imply that gearheads are noisy lowlifes who will wreck the environment. Treehuggers get more press because they appeal to the liberal conceits of the major media and because they are better organized and project a hipper image. NBC's Tom Brokaw, for example, is a major treehugger and an important asset of the GYC. Brokaw and other mediagenic TV and movie types for years have been trickling into the region for vacation stays of various lengths, buying summer homes and traipsing around in chic outdoor clothing. This reinforces gearhead antipathy to what it feels is a slow takeover by uppity, yuppity liberals.

I spent a little time with representatives of both factions. Thomas McNamee is president of the GYC, author of a respected book on the grizzly bear, and a resident of New York City. We spoke in Cooke City. The fires, he concedes, were good for the GYC. The coalition was organized, on the scene, and able to provide sound bites and background information for the media. Membership and budget have doubled in the last year. The GYC's influence, he said, is far out of proportion to its size, partly because the national environmental groups have "ossified." The GYC is shrewdly playing the environmental game at the local level, focusing on Yellowstone while trying to influence key congressional Greens such as Al Gore and Tim Wirth.

To McNamee, securing the ecosystem means "preserving the biological diversity and integrity of the landscape." The guiding idea is that the special, wild nature of the Yellowstone region must be preserved—and to do that the boundaries of the preserved area must be expanded. Multiple-use, for example, must be reined in. "If it were up to me," he said, "I would ban all timber sales." Not an idea that would go over big in some local communities, and McNamee acknowledges that "we'll probably have to compromise on the issue of multiple-use."

Eventually, the environmentalists will seek an even larger federal role in land ownership. "We're sold the idea of the West as independent," McNamee said, scorning this traditional view. "The fact is they suck at the federal tit twelve months a year." In its drift toward embracing a greater federal role, the GYC often echoes the NPS line on many issues, including the fires. Natural regulation—let it burn—is sound policy in the GYC view, and after all, one does not criticize one's political allies. At a recent GYC meeting at a lodge inside Yellowstone, Barbee was given a standing ovation. McNamee

[2] The GYC is located at 40 East Main St., Bozeman, MT 59715. Tel: 406-586-1593. *Our Land* is at 530 Park Ave., Idaho Falls, ID 83402. Tel: 208-523-5000.

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said that the GYC has recently hired a project director whose first job is to define the ecosystem and its boundaries. Next, the GYC will examine what steps are necessary to preserve the ecosystem in perpetuity. Then it will come up with an implementation plan. "We're a young group," he commented. "We're just getting organized."

Also just getting organized is a conservative alternative to the Greater Yellowstone concept of an expanded limited-use preserve. According to Ed Wright, an editor at *Our Land* magazine, a political groundswell is lifting on the conservative side of the environmental debate. " 'Wise Use' has emerged as a movement of people who are closest to the earth," said Wright earnestly. "Your ranchers, your farmers, lumbermen, miners. People who understand the earth and the Western land ethic. We advocate wise and prudent use of the land, conservative environmentalism as an alternative to radical environmentalism. We stand for the careful, sustained, planned use of our natural resources. We don't want to see preservationist litigation and legislation close the land to future generations."

It's an uphill battle for Wise Use advocates. "The challenge," said Wright, "is to form ourselves into a political force. We're trying to gather the many different local forces that are fragmented at a grassroots level and give them a banner to rally behind." Wright explained the difference between the two environmentalisms this way: "Radical environmentalism looks at earth as the virgin and man as the rapist. Earth must be preserved from man. Conservative environmentalism looks at earth as the garden and man as the gardener. That's not to say there haven't been bad gardeners. There have. But we are saying that we can use the earth's resources *and* care for it.

"The people struggling to bring about a conservative environmentalism are trying to tell George Bush that you don't have to join the Wilderness Society or Friends of the Earth to be an environmentalist," Wright noted. "We present an alternative, an alternative of working people close to the land. We were shocked by the appointment of William Reilly to the EPA. Reilly is a professional environmentalist who has spent his entire career litigating against our system. Bringing Reilly to the EPA is like giving the fox the key to the henhouse. It's incredible."

Preservationist, hands-off liberalism on one side; multiple-use conservatism on the other. In the middle, enormously important questions about just what the land is for, and just what the American West is all about. Most of Yellowstone's millions of visitors stick close to the roads. Should the region then be mainly for them? Is tourism, as some claim, fast outstripping all the traditional ways of making a living? The backcountry and the gateway towns, damaged but not defeated by the fires, beckon only to rare and adventurous souls—if they are driven away, will the West lose some intangible spiritual quality? If ranching and mining and timber and the rest are slowly squeezed out, what will become of the high country? Will Yellowstone turn into a kind of eco-Disneyland supporting a local service economy? With a new national focus on environmental issues, these questions may be decided in the coming years.

It's a political battle for which the local communities and the nascent Wise-Use conservatism are decidedly ill-prepared. Deep suspicions and stereotypical thinking poison the air on both sides of the battle, and many residents do not fit neatly into the gearhead and granola categories. The woods may be full of liberal Eastern interlopers, but those folks can sometimes make the convincing argument that the ecological disasters of the East Coast should not be repeated in the West. And conservative activists have yet to steal a few pages from their opponents, many of whom spent years in the trenches of liberal environmentalism: they have yet to fashion effective political organizations and ideas, means of ideological warfare and methods of communication. Until then, environmentalism will remain largely an issue associated with liberalism.

Meanwhile, our kind and environmental President was flying into Yellowstone. A helicopter speeded him over the burn area and set him down in Fountain Flats, near Old Faithful. Barbee and Varley were there. Before the chopper landed, park employees sprayed the area with water to keep down dust and ash. Smiling, Barbee allowed that the Bush visit would help correct the "coast-to-coast misperception" about the fires. Varley led Bush through a thin band of burned trees. Green meadows stretched around them and wildflowers dotted the landscape. Varley showed Bush a bit of ground where pine shoots were poking up. The President was told that the public wrongly perceived the fires as a disaster. The President marveled at the pine shoots. "Are there jillions of others underneath, trying to get up?" he asked Varley. Varley and Barbee grinned. Things were going just fine. The press dutifully recorded everything. "We do not consider it a disaster here at all," a park spokesman said. □

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Yale and Rita Kramer

EASTSIDE STORY

The saga of Joe Clark, who brought law and order and learning to an inner-city high school in Paterson, New Jersey.

Joe Clark is an original, and like all originals he has something of the prophet in him. It's sometimes difficult to say whether he is about to reap the American whirlwind or reach for a piece of the American pie. Perhaps both, since big-time perks have always come with the job of prophet.

As everyone who goes to the movies knows, Clark is the real-life hero of *Lean On Me*, which tells the story of how, baseball bat and bullhorn in hand, he took over and saved a rotting inner-city high school that everyone else had given up on.

When Clark became principal of Eastside High School in Paterson, New Jersey, in 1982, the school was on the verge of being taken over by the state. In 1979 it was described as "a microcosm of the conflict, turmoil and violence in U.S. schools" by a County Security and Criminal Investigations Committee. Drug dealers roamed freely through the classrooms and corridors; gang members beat up and knifed each other, terrorized students, and assaulted teachers; marijuana and heroin were traded and used in the bathrooms; trash littered the floors and graffiti marred the walls and lockers; and students and teachers were so demoralized that little if any learning could take place.

On the first day of the school term in 1982, Clark took up a position on the steps of the main entrance with the bullhorn that has become his trademark and commanded students to file past him in orderly lines. Once in, they were informed in no uncertain terms that they would be expected to behave in the corridors, to stay in their classrooms, to show respect to their teachers, to pay attention in class—or be suspended. And he showed he meant business by throwing out those who didn't follow the rules. He infuriated city officials and civil libertarians by chaining the outside doors in violation of fire laws to keep the drug pushers out and expelling troublemakers without board of education authorization.

Since the dawn of history the prophet, the spokesman of God, has been an object of fascination, and in his own country and time both revered and reviled. Joe Clark doesn't claim to speak for God, but he often gives the impression of unwavering certainty about the rectitude of his goals and methods. This aura of infallibility is fascinating and reassuring to the children of Eastside High and their perplexed parents in need of a leader. But years ago Freud noted that the prophetic personality is untroubled by guilt or self-doubt and, because of this, stands apart from earthly authority. More than anything, this characteristic has led to trouble for Clark with the authorities and those who represent bureaucratic methods and pieties.

No one but an individual with a sense of mission on a grand scale would have undertaken the daunting task of turning Eastside High around. Only his unswerving dedication made the transformation possible. With the drug pushers and muggers thrown out, security guards stationed at the doors, teachers patrolling the halls, and the walls and floors cleaned up, school spirit replaced fear and chaos, and teaching and learning could begin. The "cauldron of violence" described in the county prosecutor's report had been transformed into a recognizable high school by a tough "manager," as Joe Clark likes to refer to himself, imposing strict discipline, unyielding standards, and unequivocal expectations for its inner-city minority students.

Like any of the good prophets of old, he intuitively uses symbols—his bullhorn and baseball bat—as well as the iconography that the press and media provide, in the service of his mission. After his appearance on the cover of *Time* he was interviewed on network TV talk shows and news programs, praised by the governor, invited to Washington to talk with then-Department of Education Secretary William J. Bennett, and by early this year was being cheered by audiences, largely young and black, in hundreds of theaters across the nation in the person of actor Morgan Freeman. We saw the film in an uptown theater in New York City, the only middle-aged white people in the audience. The mainly teenage audience cheered the feisty principal as he battled and bested teenage hoodlums and pushers, malevolent parents, incompetent or unwilling teachers, hypocritical bureaucrats, and exploitive politicians.

The youngsters at Eastside High are equally admiring of Clark. They respect him for his demeanor; he treats them with courtesy and they return it. They respect him for his success, some of which they identify with; he has made Eastside High famous and they feel part of it. "Everywhere they know about us," says Shareen, a tenth-grader. And not least, they respect him for bringing the bureaucratic establishment to its knees.

Their affection, and something verging on awe, is apparent as one accompanies him on his early morning rounds through the school, where he arrives every morning a little after six. He's in the hallways as the students arrive at eight, and a short time afterward he's moving in and out of classes to say good morning. He greets students by name, gives a high-five to one, a hug

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to another, asks, "How's the baby, Leona?" and "Working on that math, Gary?" and stoops to pick up a lone scrap of paper. He pauses to ask a teacher monitoring the hallway about recent test scores and to ask a student what she's doing out of class. When she begins to tell him her troubles he sends her down to his office to wait for him along with the others whose problems he'll attend to during the course of the day. Meanwhile, he goes about his rounds, bullhorn in hand, checking out his plant and his people like a competent and effective CEO. "The principal must be omnipresent," he says. "I'm the manager of this building."

In an article he wrote in 1985 for the official publication of the New Jersey school boards, Clark attributed Eastside's transformation to "the strict rules I have pronounced and diligently enforced." He blamed the academic inferiority of inner-city students on the unwillingness of urban school principals to risk unpopularity by enforcing discipline, which in turn would establish order in the school, then an atmosphere of school pride, and, finally, academic achievement—a program he described as his new "management plan." In addition to clearly stating the rules and the consequences of not following them, Clark wrote, he made sure "the principal and his bullhorn were most visible and audible throughout all parts of the building. Students' response was positive. . . . They seemed to know that . . . someone cared enough to help them to behave." Clark intuitively understood that what the youngsters needed was the continuing presence of a strong and caring fatherly person, an experience which many of his students had never had. He was a father who stayed—even in the face of unending obstacles and disasters.

And, contrary to the shibboleths of the black bureaucracy and liberal gurus of the past twenty years, he has understood the need of these children for a single standard of conduct and academic performance for all—black or white, and rich or poor. He doesn't treat them with disguised contempt by making special rules for his students, nor does he treat them with undisguised contempt by abandoning them. Clark's style is a rebuke to the legacy of the antinomian sixties, to the loss of adult authority in the schools when student rights took the place of student needs. He doesn't indulge these kids or romanticize their weaknesses.

Perhaps even more than his insistence on a single standard of academic performance, Clark has proclaimed the corrupting influence of the doctrine of displaced responsibility. Since the sixties the loudest battle cry of the liberal establishment and the black irregular bureaucracy has been: "Don't blame the victims of a sick, racist society for their misfortune!" This kind of slogan thinking—missing, as it does, the more complex aspects of human motivation and psychological development—has been used to rationalize policy for a juvenile justice system that doesn't work, for a drug enforcement system that doesn't work, and for an educational system that doesn't work. Clark asserts with the perfervid conviction of one who's been there that the first step to academic salvation is to accept ownership of failure. The displacement of responsibility is tempting, easy, and ultimately self-defeating. He believes that the most powerful motivation for improving the lot of the black underclass lies in asking its members to accept the responsibility for their predicament and the responsibility for improving it.

Joe Clark doesn't claim to speak for God, but he often gives the impression of unwavering certainty about the rectitude of his goals and methods.

Clark's own family moved to New Jersey from Georgia when he was two. The oldest of seven in a poor family, he grew up in Newark, where he attended the local public schools. The Clarks were a stable family during Joe's early years, and both his parents were hardworking. When he was a teenager, family problems brought hard times and for a while the family was on welfare, but not Joe himself, who always worked, sometimes at two jobs, from the time he was nine or ten. He didn't want, he says, to be "the recipient of handouts from the system." From the time he was eighteen he undertook the role of head of the family to his six younger brothers and sisters, going to school during the day and working at night. He put himself through college, earned a master's degree, served eight years in the Army reserves. He and his wife, Hazel, have three children. His oldest daughter is an Olympic track star.

It was Paterson's superintendent of schools, Frank Napier, a friend and colleague portrayed in *Lean On Me*, who brought Clark to Eastside High. They had started out together as young teachers, but while Napier's career took off, carrying him up the bureaucratic ladder to the superintendent's office, his friend Clark remained stuck in his position as a junior high school teacher. The reason had less to do with ability or ambition than with personality. Clark's manner, never conciliatory, often gave offense. He was impatient with the incompetents he saw all around him in the system and didn't hesitate to refer to them as "lollipops" or worse. In 1976, when Napier became superintendent, he began giving a leg up to his outspoken friend. Clark was made head of an elementary school not far from Eastside High in which only 33 percent of the students were reading at grade level. There he rehearsed the turnaround he would accomplish at Eastside, requiring homework, instituting classroom and hallway discipline, and firing twenty "lollipop" teachers. By the time he left, 98 percent of the students were reading at grade level. And it seemed to make sense that he might be the man for the job of turning Eastside High around. Besides, nobody else wanted the job. Napier's request for volunteers from the ranks of his administrators yielded only one response from a group of eighty. It was Joe Clark.

Much as he may be admired by the student body at Eastside High, Joe Clark is not a hero to everyone. His skirmishes with the Paterson City Council and local school board members have escalated into full-scale war, and North Jersey local newspapers have run editorials criticizing him for throwing students out without due process; charging that many teachers have left Eastside because of his authoritarian style and abrasive manner; and, most serious, claiming that academic achievement has failed to materialize as it should have once order was established in the school. The dropout rate has not decreased, the number of graduates going on to college has not increased, and while Minimum Basic Skills test scores improved, results of the more difficult High School Proficiency Test administered since 1984 have been unacceptably low, particularly in math. Eastside's scores remain among the lowest in the state.

But the real issue in Paterson is no longer simply an educational one. The issue has become Joe Clark the man.

In last November's elections Clark ran for local office as a Republican in New Jersey's heavily Democratic Essex County. "Being an educator," he told a reporter, "you automatically become a politician. Politics can play a crucial role in getting things on the front burner." The local Democratic press charged that he was using the campaign as a springboard for personal ambition. According to Clark, his ambition is to get his message across to a wider constituency, and he blamed his predictable two-to-one loss on "the Democrats' lock and hold on the black vote."

One way or another, he always seemed to be in the local news. Shortly after the elections it was his firing of the school's football coach, and just into the new year he successfully defended a lawsuit charging him with slandering a male teacher he had dismissed for allegedly fondling female students. As the teacher was being led out of the school, Clark described him over the PA system as a "pervert."

But the occasion that brought the roof of Eastside High down on his head occurred in February, while Clark was in California taping a TV talk show. The dancers on a school assembly program he had perfunctorily approved turned out to be strippers, and as video cameras rolled (no one can quite account for them being on hand) the danseuse peeled off the male dancers' garments down to your basic G-string, at which point (and not before) indignant school staff members stopped the show. Someone made sure the incident—with the pictures documenting it—was called to the attention of the press.

The furor that followed coincided with the nationwide opening of *Lean On Me*. Some local worthies responded with magisterial indignation—inspired perhaps by the all-too-human wish to see Joe Clark fall from the pedestal on which the film and his growing national reputation had placed him. The city council passed a resolution censuring Clark, while local editorialists charged

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that he was "not really an educator" but only "an entertainer, a huckster." And it is true that Clark had signed a book contract and hired a manager to look after his "long-range career development." He was also making frequent appearances on TV and commanding impressive lecture fees. There was talk of a movie sequel.

All this was too much for the local politicos. Rumors circulated that Clark might be suspended, or that he was threatening to resign. Asked about the rumors, Clark didn't exactly say, "No comment." What he said was, "I have no cognizance about what you are talking about. I think that time has a way of unveiling realities."

Clark took to the school's P.A. system—over which the *Lean On Me* soundtrack was occasionally heard in the hallways—to announce to the student body, "Your principal will not let jealous council members influence me. They're not my colleagues, just a bunch of little pups. They should stop flapping their lips. Ultimately, if anyone can influence me to stay, you my students are the only ones."

Ultimately, Napier was forced to suspend Clark for a week in mid-March. Not satisfied with this, the Paterson City Council passed a seventeen-point resolution demanding that the Board of Education "terminate the employment of Joe Clark." Councilman Kenneth Hayden, the author of the resolution, charged that while Clark "capitalized on his celebrity status," academic performance failed to improve significantly at Eastside High. A onetime schoolteacher, Hayden says he told the council members that if they didn't pass the resolution it would be "like Anthony Eden coming back from Germany in 1938 with that piece of paper saying we would have peace in our time." (Hayden taught math, not history.)

Superintendent Napier scoffs at Hayden's explanation. According to him, the resolution was "pure hypocrisy, political grandstanding." Napier points out that there were no complaints from any parents, teachers, or administrators about Clark's performance during what he referred to as "this political folly," adding that "Hayden and his supporters have no administrative experience in public education; they've never visited Eastside High, sat in classrooms or walked the corridors. They're not interested in educational issues. I've invited them to discuss the school budget process with me and gotten no response. This episode has nothing to do with Clark's performance; it has everything to do with politics."

On Joe Clark's desk sits a pile of papers waiting for his signature, and a half-eaten fruit cup he hasn't had time to finish. The papers and the lunch, like his visitor, have to wait because of a constant series of interruptions as students bring the problems that are interfering with their schoolwork. These may range from having no coat to having no one to stay with the baby. In between problems, Clark delivers himself of thoughts on a number of issues.

"My love, sweat, toil, fervor, zeal, blood, sweat, and tears are in the walls and tiles of this place, those plants you see in the hallways. This is the house that Joe built. The city council—those pusillanimous poltroons—can't force me out. If I leave here, despite my feeling for my students and my school, it will be because inner-city education as it exists today fosters ineptitude. Ninety percent of these kids are below grade level. Black students on campuses all over the country where I lecture tell me they feel betrayed by an educational system that offers them dummy classes and dummy diplomas, leaves them without the skills to compete with white and Asian kids in math, in history . . .

"It's lack of diligence, not genetics that keeps inner-city youth down. They have the wrong priorities. They have Calvin Klein jeans on their behinds and nothing in their heads. They see the drug dealers driving around in their BMWs—they call it the Black Man's Whirl. Young black girls are having babies as if it was going out of style. Young black men are violent and out of control. Something has to be done to halt this pillaging and preying or our cities will be torn to pieces. The black race will self-destruct."

Clark doesn't think his opposition is racist, but political. He says the members of the city council who oppose him are jealous of the national attention he's been getting. "They are insidious, invidious lemmings, marching to get on TV. If they showed the same zeal in their jobs that they have shown in attacking me, they'd have gotten crack off the streets of our city by now.

"My constituency," he says, "is predominantly white, along with those blacks who are productive and hard-working. I galvanize the hopes and aspirations of all people." In fact he is more of an authentic integrationist than is probably healthy for a black man with a national reputation these days. "The place to teach black history and black culture," he maintains, "is in the church and in the home, not in the schools. That's racist. What the schools should teach is that every group is included. If you can't make it in America, there's nowhere you can make it. It's true that if you're black and poor you've got two strikes against you, but one strike in America is like a trillion anywhere else."

It is not difficult to understand why Clark's hard work and inspiration have produced only limited success. First, for many of his students, he can merely provide an external source of inspiration rather than the permanent inner ideals that are necessary to guide young people through the frustrating and tempting experiences of life. When Clark is not immediately present, his influence on the youngsters begins to fade. "They use drugs, but not in here. I see them behaving in here, then going out there on the streets of the community and acting depraved." Clark is intuitively correct to haunt the school hallways, cafeterias, classrooms, and gyms—he knows his constituency needs concrete evidence of his presence.

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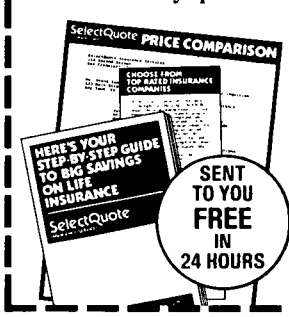
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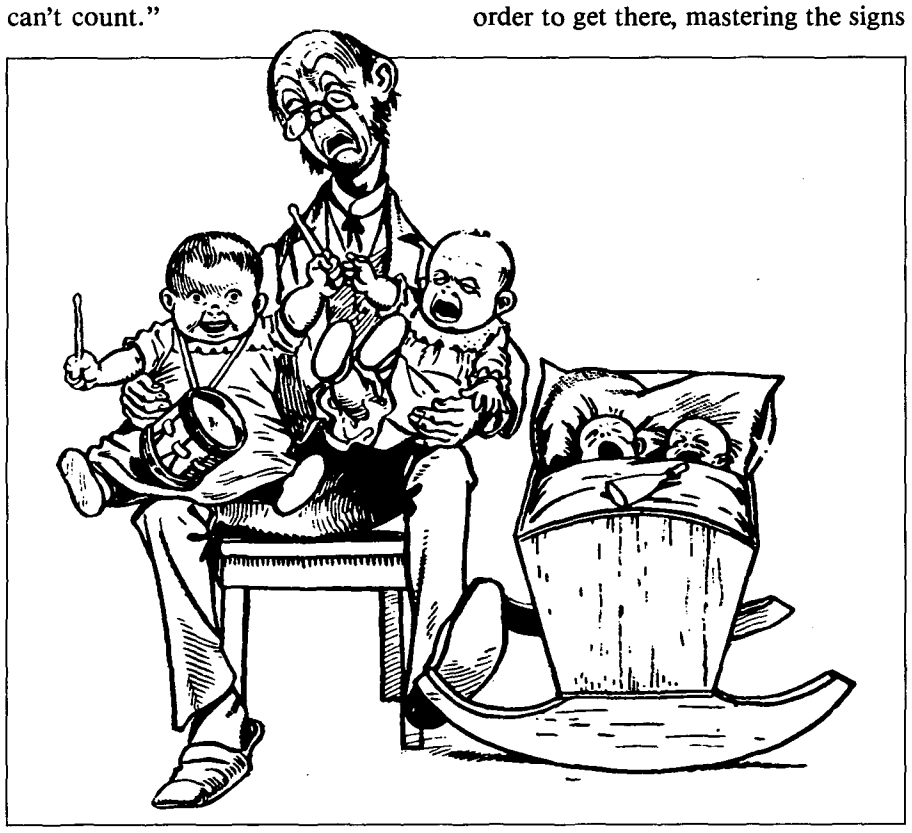
Clark may inspire, and no matter what standards the youngsters may accept currently, there is a serious limiting factor at work, something akin to developmental inertia: a young mind at rest tends to remain at rest; a young mind in motion tends to remain in motion. Normally, when parents hold a social value in high esteem—a competitive sport, say, or music, or learning, or religious observance—they will encourage their children in acquiring the appropriate cognitive skills. They will send them to Sunday school or give them piano lessons or read to them or buy them a baseball glove. This usually results, over a period of ten or fifteen years, in a set of skills that can be used in the service of the social values the children wish to assert. In families in which this encouragement is lacking or insufficient, however, the youngsters will find it difficult to respond to situations calling for such skills, even though they may be highly motivated to do so. In most cases it's not a matter of innate intelligence but of capacities that have lain fallow during the most crucial years of development.

Clark himself maintains that test scores "will never go beyond a realistic level because we're getting an inferior product," that by the time students come to Eastside High most of them are so far behind that there is no way for them to catch up. "It's impossible in the present system. You have to start lower down, restructure the system from the bottom up. We give them minimum basic skills and then we have dummy classes to prepare them for the high school proficiency test, but they have had no exposure to science and math. They can't be expected to do trigonometry and calculus when they can't count."

But Clark's experience at Eastside has also raised other unforeseen and disturbing questions. In the clean, well-ordered environment he has provided for his students, the unthinkable may reveal itself with a clarity not possible in the past, when it was obscured by chaos, drugs, crime, fear, and brutality. Now there is nothing to hide the fact that there are practical limitations to acquiring certain cognitive skills. In a society increasingly committed to an egalitarianism not just of opportunity but of condition, what does one do with the dawning notion that for a generation or perhaps two, the ideal of a college-preparatory or general education may be inappropriate for children with less developed capacities, and that another kind of educational ideal must therefore be formulated for them?

Clark's style is a rebuke to the legacy of the antinomian sixties, to the loss of adult authority in the schools when student rights took the place of student needs.

In the educational reform zeal of recent years, commission after committee, report after review have told us that what turns bad schools into good ones is a strong principal able to inspire teachers and staff, pupils and parents with a conviction that high expectations can be met. And indeed, establishing order and discipline is the first step. But it's what happens after that that constitutes education: drawing previously undisciplined but still unskilled and often unmotivated youngsters into the universe of ideas—and in order to get there, mastering the signs and symbols in which thoughts are organized and expressed. That process is more problematic than setting the stage for it.



Faced with this daunting predicament, Clark places great trust in practical economics. He preaches the importance of economic power to academic self-improvement. He takes as the text of his sermon the two-generation model of academic and class integration used by millions of American immigrants. "Blacks have to rediscover the dignity of work. When everything is available—welfare, food stamps—why work? Liberals reward the unproductive. It should be just the opposite. The government shouldn't be doing everything for us, the government should only make things accessible so we can do things for ourselves." He insists "that's what this country is all about—the door of opportunity being open to everyone. But you have to be willing to work hard."

Clark is bitter about the way in which white liberals make special allowances for black and Hispanic youth, "as though normal behavior patterns were alien to them. That's what keeps them on welfare, keeps them educationally and economically disenfranchised." And he deplores affirmative action and quotas, as he does the tendency of those he refers to as "so-called black leaders" to "blame whites for all the ills of the black community."

Such an emphasis suggests that for those children who persistently demonstrate that they lack the cognitive skills necessary to perform along traditional academic lines, a more productive alternative to dropping out, failing, or marginal performance is a program stressing the acquisition of practical wisdom—marketable craft skills, for example, or perhaps entrepreneurial habits. Clark would urge the present generation to acquire as much wealth (and the power that comes with it) as they can from work, entrepreneurship, and an orientation to the future, leaving a legacy of more highly developed cognitive skills to their sons and daughters. Clark thinks, in other words, that what blacks should be doing is buying into the system.

"Blacks have to get into business, buy and own things. Some of them make millions, billions in sports and entertainment. One of them should have bought the Eastern Airlines shuttle, not Donald Trump." He is mindful of the countless men in the early years of this century who, as young immigrants with little English and less education, became peddlers or house painters or junk-dealers and then small businessmen, and who eventually sent their kids to City College and saw their grandchildren graduate from Yale and Harvard law schools.

"Blacks have to stop blaming the white man, talking about what he owes them. All they are owed, their birthright, is an education—free access to the door of opportunity. Look at the Jews. Fifty years ago they couldn't go to Florida. So they bought the whole damn state and now they go wherever they want."

Clark's recently published book, *Laying Down the Law: Joe Clark's Strategy for Saving Our Schools*,[1] is spiced with anecdotes of conversion "from drugs and crime to success in life through diligent striving," with dollops of self-congratulation folded in here and there. In it he serves up his recipe for establishing order in schools and pride and responsibility in their students. Along the way he attacks "welfare, the quota system, and the dumbed-down education system for the inner cities" as well as "those who rise to power by throwing money at the disadvantaged, and the foolish among the disadvantaged who prefer reliance on the dole to working to advance themselves." He quotes Edmund Burke on that "species of benevolence, which arises from contempt."

Clark's ideas are hardly original—one hears echoes of Thomas Sowell and Charles Murray. But he has a chance of being listened to in places where they are not: among black students on college campuses and among black businessmen and community leaders. Whether he will stay the course can only be a matter of conjecture. Stung by what he feels is unfair criticism, Clark plans to take a year's "sabbatical" from Eastside, using his accumulated sick leave and vacation pay. "My soul is tired," he says. "I've been here seven years with no vacations, from six in the morning to five o'clock every day, Saturdays and Sundays included." He says he plans to move on beyond the world of Paterson's schools in order to give his message a wider hearing; his critics say he's promoting Joe Clark.

One thing is clear. He will have to articulate his message loudly, clearly, and often in order to be heard by the policymakers who control the academic fate of hundreds of thousands of inner-city schoolchildren. He will need more than a bullhorn to get through to them.□

[1]Regnery Gateway, $17.95.

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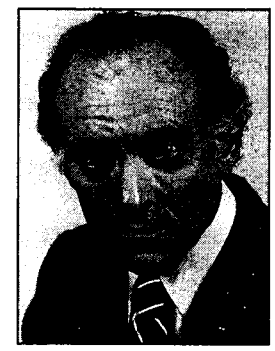

Victor Gold

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Not Just Another Bunch of Pretty Faces

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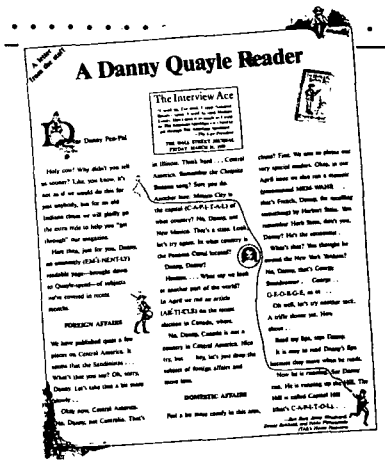

Deconstructing The Danny Quayle Reader

Subscribers, former subscribers, and the editor-in-chief react to our June cover story.

Oh, COME NOW! . . . For goodness sake! I have found many issues of *The American Spectator* "hard to get through."

I suppose that disqualifies me as a subscriber and you want me to cancel, but I'm not going to. I'm too stupid to Quayle before your wrath.

Such arrogance!

—Stewart Spencer
Charlotte, North Carolina

You can dish it out—even assassinate a character—even the Vice President of the United States—but you can't take a little slight remark. Who in the hell do you think you are to attack the Vice President of the United States in such a scurrilous manner?

—Ludlow King
Chevy Chase, Maryland

Today, as I heard the gentle call of the bluejay in my yard, I noted that your new issue had the Vice President of the United States on its cover. Eagerly, I read "A Danny Quayle Reader" in hopes that someone on your staff had, at long last, begun the long process of making amends for the stupidities perpetrated against (not by) Quayle during and since the campaign. Alas . . . Such moronic flatulence is beneath contempt. Perhaps the bluejay I heard was right ("Cheap! Cheap!").

—John M. Ware
Norfolk, Virginia

My 17-year-old son, Cameron, disagrees with Danny that ". . . it's hard to get through *The American Spectator.*" For over two years now, he's been racing me to the mailbox for his monthly ingestion of *TAS* humor and information . . . in that order. Cam says: "The humor, particularly The Continuing Crisis and Current Wisdom, is what hooked me on *TAS* in the first place and, now, I like a lot of the serious stuff, too." Ergo, he thinks that maybe Danny would try harder "to get through *TAS*" if Marilyn would take the time to point out (and explain) the funny stuff to him.

Cam also has two suggestions for improving *TAS*: (1) for the Veep, a LARGE-BLOCK-LETTER-TYPE coloring book edition and (2) for Cam, a Ben Stein article every month.

—George Mulligan
Santa Barbara, California

I loved "Why Danny Can't Read" and the associated cover art. But I was dismayed to read elsewhere that some of the stuffier conservatives had taken offense. The current administration has not done much to earn the loyalty of conservatives, and as far as I'm concerned, that makes them fair game.

—Garry Myers
Manassas, Virginia

It seems that Vice President Quayle has had the gall to say your magazine is "hard to get through." He's right—it is hard to get through, unless you have absolutely nothing else to do.

—Frank B. Conselman
Ransom Canyon, Texas

Well, now, I have finally had it with *TAS*. First off I was upset that for eight long years you let Ronald Reagan get away with *anything*—things for which you would have condemned any Democrat or Gerald Ford or a Rockefeller-type Republican. But, since he was your very own Ronald Reagan, he was exempt from criticism. He was *not* a conservative President, except once in a while. Lots of rhetoric but very little action.

Then you were among the first to endorse George Bush when you should have been endorsing Jack Kemp.

And now you have joined the brainless, liberal hordes in attacking Dan Quayle.

Shame on you!

—Rayetta G. Phares
Ossining, New York

I hereby notify you to cancel my subscription, paid until August 1990, and ask for immediate refund in order that I may forward without delay the total reimbursement to Accuracy in Media.

—B. J. Howard
Highlands, North Carolina

It is puzzling why a conservative magazine which pretends to care about public policy and conservative principles would take such a juvenile approach to a man who is the hope for many conservatives and who happens to be an elected Vice President of these United States. Do you really expect him to read *The American Spectator* from cover to cover?

—Robert A. Best
Washington, D.C.

Frankly, my opinion of you and your outfit hit rock bottom with the June issue. The really sad commentary is that the quote used to justify the gross lampoon of the Vice President can be interpreted in a positive way re *TAS*—i.e., so much good material it's hard to get through.

—Glen H. Abplanalp
Ridgewood, New Jersey

There must be many subscribers to *TAS* who do not—what is the harm in saying *cannot*—read the thing from cover to cover, due to the uneven quality of the various pieces, to say nothing of the fact that some subjects covered are simply of no interest to them.

The exhibition of small-minded vindictiveness on the cover of your June issue and on page 13 of the same issue is not becoming.

—Lucien E. Smartt
Washington, D.C.

I grant you Quayle hasn't exactly impressed the nation with his intellectual maturity. Again, so what? Where's the proof *you're* ready to run the country?

—Kenneth C. Lane
Puyallup, Washington

I was outraged when some years ago liberal intellectuals took after President Gerald Ford suggesting he couldn't walk and chew gum at the same time.

And now we have an example of conservatives doing a similar number on one of their own—just as meanly and unfairly. Clearly the decision to go with this business was made at the highest levels of management of this monthly review.

—Donald Towle
Bristol, New Hampshire

I agree with Dan Quayle. Your pretentious and condescending intellections make reading your magazine a laborious task.

—Virginia T. Owen
Atwater, Ohio

You are not very kind and gentle with the Vice President. His intellectual innocence is disarming and constitutes part of his charm. We need more like him in high places because he is typical and representative of 200,000,000 other Americans equally guiltless of literacy.

—Alvin Laidley
Carmichaels, Pennsylvania

I am disappointed and disgusted that *The American Spectator,* long a favorite of mine, would join the liberal ilk in the continuing smear campaign against Vice President Dan Quayle. If you are not an *American Spectator* reader, that automatically makes you a dummy . . . right?

—Barbara Miller
Roswell, New Mexico

When you all moved to Washington, I was *afraid* you would be infected by the Beltway virus!

—Kay House
Payson, Illinois

The reason I am so teed off at you and your staff is that in the April 1988 issue of *TAS* you published an article on The Center for Defense (DIS)Information—as it is known in my circles—and the way you gandy-danced around that traitor La Rocque and his organization made me sick.

But when the Vice President of the United States makes a thoughtless remark you turn on him like a wild dog—or better, like a rotten, spoiled child, who has had its last piece of candy taken from him. For Christ's sweet sake anyway, the man is on our side—well, mine anyway.

I'll bet you were among the people who leaped to their feet after that master con artist, Wright, made his farewell speech, and wept tears of anguish.

—Herbert T. Johnson
Major General, AUS Retired
Ferguson, Missouri

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Frankly I think the picture on the cover *and* the page 13 were really ill-timed and definitely improper. Some way or other they went against the grain—my immediate reaction was real—I felt anger and disgust. Some way or other, I used to laugh at such—but I have found myself more comfortable lately with our Vice President. Frankly, I was surprised at my reaction.

—Christine W. Franklin
Dallas, Texas

Some 60 million people in this country cannot read or write, and that is a conservative estimate. Furthermore, the numbers are growing by 2.3 million a year says the Librarian of Congress. . . . The inability to read is a devastating condition and we shouldn't be joking about it. I am a retired remedial reading teacher, and have spent some ten years tutoring non-readers of all ages. How hurt they would be if I asked them to read your sarcastic article. . . . Perhaps Vice President Quayle does not have a reading problem. I do not know. Neither do you, apparently. That is none of our concern either. Your article offends those who do have the problem and that's indecent of you.

—Elizabeth Dubbell
Sedona, Arizona

For the same reason that there are no thirteenth floors in hotels there should have been no thirteenth page in the June issue. *—Clyde G. Hollinger*
Manheim, Pennsylvania

I just cannot fathom what is going on at your publication.

I have a friend in San Diego who is a judge appointed by Jerry Brown. He is an avid liberal who keeps sending me a subscription to the *New York Times Book Review*—I had intended to retaliate by sending him a subscription to *The American Spectator*—but your cover and subsequent simplistic parody of Dan Quayle not only rocked my faith in your paper—but quickly changed my mind about any gift subscriptions.

—Gardner Macartney
No. Andover, Massachusetts

What kind of publication is it that has, or thinks it has, a significant portion of its circulation among types for whom infantile ridiculing of the already grossly vilified is attractive?

—Ralph H. Phelps
Evanston, Illinois

Since the magazine sells for $2.50 a copy and contains 60 pages (including covers), I think you should send each of your subscribers a refund of four cents, along with an apology and a promise to lay off the comic-book stuff in the future. *—William T. St. Clair*
Irvington, Virginia

Mr. Quayle's comment was refreshingly honest. Your magazine is excellent, but it is *long* and difficult for busy people to read through. . . . Shame on you!

—Janet S. Ward
Annapolis, Maryland

Allow me to cause you to consider that Mr. Quayle just may have a point. *TAS* isn't lightweight reading. Don't flatter yourselves that it is such heady stuff that only rocket scientists can understand it. It is a good magazine and I like most of it most of the time. But I save it to read in the early a.m. when no one else is up, usually around 5:30 to 6:00 a.m. Please recall that Dan Quayle has been in the Congress and Senate for ten years or more. And haven't you folks heard that there is so much reading for those men that none of them could possibly read all the legislation that they are expected to act upon? . . . If I were Dan Quayle, *TAS* is a luxury that I would deny myself until after retirement.

—Paul N. Eilers
Indianapolis, Indiana

The article, "A Danny Quayle Reader," is, in my opinion, one of the most offensive things to appear in recent American journalism, to say nothing of the bad manners involved.

—A. W. Humphreys
Galt, Missouri

Our school visiting Washington, D.C. read about the page in *The American Spectator* ridiculing Vice President Quayle. We were going to bombard you with letters of outrage but instead we are going to send the Quayle children letters of love and friendship. We know what their classmates must be putting them through. *—Name withheld*

The Dan Quayle mock piece was distasteful and lacked any humor. Something like this only encourages America's enemies. *—Andrew Kurylko*
New Providence, New Jersey

The difference for you people in the Eastern Establishment is that Freedom of the Press brings with it a sense of responsibility, while License of the Press allows irresponsibility. And I think that is what you all are guilty of.

Do not misread this letter—I am not the greatest fan of Vice President Quayle—but when you stack him up against former President Jimmy Carter —Mr. Quayle comes out looking like a genius. *—H. T. Johnson*
St. Louis, Missouri

It is too bad I received the June issue just when I intended to renew. *I've had it* with the insults to Vice President Quayle. *—Doris T. Landen*
Cincinnati, Ohio

While I applaud the courage these "House Hoosiers" (sounds like a domestic cleaning service) displayed in signing their names to the piece, I doubt that their future lies in comedy. If it took four of you to write "A Danny Quayle Reader," even my poodle might qualify for your select group.

—Bill Schnirring
New York, New York

I'm totally ashamed of each and every one of you! It took two jackasses and a couple of dumb midwestern broads combining apparently less than average minds to "beat up" on one, out of context, newspaper report.

—Lou Gauss
Ivyland, Pennsylvania

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. replies:
Never in the twenty-three years of this magazine has it received a larger or more inhospitable response to a piece than our response to Dan Quayle's disparagement of three major conservative publications, *The American Spectator*, *Human Events*, and *National Review*. In his offensive statement he also groveled before the *New Republic*. What does that tell us about these conservatives who are cancelling their subscriptions and agreeing with Vice President Quayle's estimate of his own media? That in a few months of national prominence he mastered their hearts, or that they really do not think very carefully about politics, the bottom line, or general intellectual questions? Vice President Quayle has his virtues. I have known him as a friend since the early 1970s in Indiana. But those who responded so negatively told us more about these last three matters than about the Vice President's talents.

Possibly we should have run Dan's full statement, but we thought that his disparagement of three conservative publications would be sufficient to explain why we were critical of his acumen. Here is what he said in the March 31 *Wall Street Journal*: "I used to, I've read *National Review*—some. I used to read *Human Events*. Don't read it as much as I used to. *The American Spectator*—it's hard to get through *The American Spectator*. And the *New Republic* [his voice brightening]. I enjoy reading *New Republic* articles." It is this last line we left out. But the *New Republic* caught it. Within days its business office sent that vice presidential yawp to all our mutual advertisers. As Ron Burr, *The American Spectator*'s publisher and also a friend of Vice President Quayle from our Indiana days, remarked: "It is exceedingly difficult to sell advertising to people when we tell them we are read by the administration and its number two says, No, he reads the *New Republic*."

Our response to Vice President Quayle was not from hurt feelings but from a proper respect for the magazine's bottom line, its quality, and for political prudence. The *New Republic* in its November 14, 1988, issue asked: "Can journalists keep writing indefinitely that Dan Quayle is a moron, just because he is one?"

Vice President Dan Quayle has three *American Spectator* writers high on his staff. Not long ago when asked during an interview how he chose Carnes Lord as his adviser on strategic matters, he responded that he had read Carnes in *The American Spectator*. Somehow I think the Vice President should have been able to avoid diminishing the stature of the small number of conservative publications that regularly take on the vast majority of publications antithetical to him and his ideas. He has made it all the more difficult for us to defend him effectively in the months ahead and to advance our shared principles.

Moreover, his criticism of these conservative publications is inaccurate. They are readable and abound with useful information. Writing for them and reading them is eminently worthwhile, and if Vice President Quayle will read them in the future he may grow in wisdom. On the other hand, perhaps he believes that true wisdom resides with the *New Republic*, the journal that has endorsed his political opposites in every presidential election since the dawn of recorded history and the last four presidential losers.

Actually, the evidence of late is that the Vice President is again reading the conservative intellectual reviews. He delivers speeches on world affairs and on economics that could be written by almost any *American Spectator* writer—and in fact his speechwriter is a past *American Spectator* writer. The Vice President is, according to the ever-astute Bob Novak, sustaining the conservative point of view effectively in his dealings on Capitol Hill. Thus as always I wish him well in pursuing prudent politics. As far as I am concerned our June issue of *The American Spectator* is vitriol under the bridge. Before this, our August issue, arrives at your door my old friend Dan Quayle and I shall renew an old friendship. In the early 1970s he and I were junior members of a conservative supper club in Indiana where we both were the amused victims of the older members' jibes. Now we have shown we can turn the jibes on each other, and I know that Dan's aspersions on conservative publications had to be a joke. Now we have all had a few laughs, and we can get back to our mutual goal of protecting American liberty and advancing a little Yank culture. □

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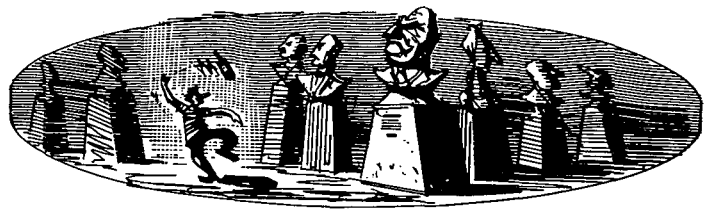

THE LEFEBVRITE-FEMINIST COALITION?

by Michael McGough

Shortly before last Christmas, in his version of the News of the Year in Review, Pope John Paul II unburdened himself to an audience of cardinals about the developments that caused him pain in 1988. One was the decision of the worldwide Anglican Communion to acquiesce in the decision of any national Anglican church to ordain women as bishops. (The Episcopal Church in the United States crossed that threshold in February with the ordination of the Rev. Barbara Harris as the suffragan bishop of Massachusetts.) The Pope said that the Anglican agreement to disagree on female bishops "poses serious obstacles" to the rapprochement between Anglicanism and Roman Catholicism, "which in the course of recent decades has arrived at such promising results." It wasn't the first time John Paul had described the ordination of women in Anglican churches as a stumbling block to reunion between Rome and Canterbury.

The second source of the Pope's sorrow, he told the cardinals, was his failure to avert a final rupture between the papacy and the ultra-traditionalist movement of Marcel Lefebvre, the "rebel archbishop" (in the Associated Press's wonderful sobriquet) who believes the Roman Catholic Church has been subverted by modernism. The Vatican reluctantly excommunicated the octogenarian French prelate in 1988 after he defied the Pope by ordaining four bishops for his breakaway church.

At first glance, these papal headaches might seem to have nothing in common. Indeed, a conventional analysis would portray the Lefebvre ordinations as thunder from John Paul's right, and the Anglican imbroglio as a challenge to his traditional theology from the left. In truth, there is a convergence between the two developments that makes the Pope's yoking them together less coincidental than it might seem. In taking ecclesiastical law into his own hands, Archbishop Lefebvre unwittingly may have provided an example for Roman Catholics who believe that the Anglicans have got it right on the question of female clergy.

The key is the Roman Catholic doctrine of ordination in the "apostolic succession." Like Eastern Orthodoxy and Anglicanism, Roman Catholicism traditionally has taught that bishops are the successors of the original apostles of Jesus Christ, not only in the sense of perpetuating his teachings but also through a succession of layings-on of hands. According to this theory in its full-blown form, every bishop alive today could trace his ordination back to the apostolic generation.

An important wrinkle in the theory is that the chain is not broken when a bishop ordains (or "consecrates," to use a term now out of fashion) another bishop in defiance of the larger church. In what some would call a characteristically legalistic distinction, the Roman Catholic Church regards such an ordination as "valid" but not "licit." The bishop so ordained may be an outlaw, but he possesses all of the sacramental powers of the episcopacy, including the ability to ordain priests and—the worst-case scenario from the standpoint of church unity—more illicit bishops like himself. The Vatican held its fire when Archbishop Lefebvre ordained mere priests for his Catholic traditionalist movement, but his ordination of bishops was a threat of a different order (literally) because it guaranteed that the priest-making machine would survive after Lefebvre's death. Still, the Vatican hasn't questioned the *validity* of the bishops' ordinations.

What does this have to do with the ordination of women? Lefebvre's ordination in Switzerland of his four "rebel bishops" was not the first unauthorized ordination rite to make the front pages of American newspapers. In 1974, three retired bishops of the Episcopal Church in the United States gathered in the Church of the Advocate in Philadelphia to exercise their spiritual powers in a way forbidden by their church. With the assistance of an Anglican prelate from Costa Rica, the bishops ordained eleven women as priests.

It was high drama (as well as high church) precisely because something supernatural was thought to be occurring despite the Episcopal Church's official refusal at that time to ordain women. In Roman Catholic terminology, the women's ordination was valid but not licit. Eventually, the Episcopal Church changed its position and endorsed the ordination of women as priests (and, more recently, as bishops). Interestingly, the eleven women elevated to the priesthood irregularly in 1974 were not re-ordained.

Is it possible that the Pope was appalled by the ordinations of the Lefebvre bishops not only because they sealed a schism in Roman Catholicism but also because they might remind Catholic feminists that a bishop doesn't need Vatican approval to administer holy orders validly? After the Pope reiterated his opposition to women priests last September, advocates of female priests insisted that they still regarded the ordination of women as inevitable. Might John Paul not be afraid that, to hasten the inevitable, some Catholic women might persuade a liberal "rebel bishop"—perhaps one who has retired from his diocese—to ordain them "illicitly"?

Skeptics would argue that the Pope couldn't be troubled by that scenario because Roman Catholic bishops are almost by definition less individualistic than their Anglican counterparts—and the papacy less forgiving of deviations than is the notoriously tolerant Anglican Communion. Ruth Fitzpatrick of the Women's Ordination Conference, a pro-ordination group in the United States, says that in the event of an unauthorized ordination of women, "we assume that the people who were ordained would be excommunicated and so would the people doing the ordaining." But she adds that excommunication, while a "serious" matter, is "in

Michael McGough is editor of the editorial page of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.

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some ways a medieval concept," and she notes that "sometimes people disobey orders in order to obey God's call." Archbishop Lefebvre could have used the same words in justifying his decision to defy the Pope.

Even if unauthorized ordinations of women were to take place, it can be argued that the Pope might simply ignore them. After all, whatever those trendy Episcopalians might think, John Paul doesn't believe that women *can* be ordained priests. Therefore, as was not the case with Archbishop Lefebvre and his clergy, a Roman Catholic bishop who conferred the priesthood on a woman would be engaging in mere mummery; the ordination would be neither licit nor valid. Needless to say, however, many other Roman Catholics take a different view. And others, including the Pope's fellow bishops, would have their minds concentrated on the question anew if a Catholic woman were to be ordained, however irregularly.

It would be ironic if Archbishop Lefebvre's example inspired a ceremony that he, even more so than the Pope, would regard as a sacrilege. But the ironies wouldn't stop there. An unauthorized ordination a la the Episcopal rite of 1974 would exploit a doctrine, the mechanical or "pipeline" theory of apostolic succession, that holds little appeal for liberal Catholics in other contexts. For one thing, the traditional doctrine is a stumbling block for the ecumenical movement. Most Protestant denominations (including the Lutherans, with whom Roman Catholics otherwise have much in common) do not purport to be in the apostolic succession in the sense in which Roman Catholics traditionally have understood that term. Even Anglicans, who *have* asserted such a claim, have found it challenged by the Vatican. In 1896 Pope Leo XIII issued an encyclical declaring Anglican holy orders "absolutely null and utterly void," partly on the grounds that post-Reformation Anglican bishops didn't intend to confer the powers of the priesthood as Rome and the Eastern churches understood them. (Leo's pronouncement has a bad press among contemporary Catholic theologians, but it hasn't been overruled.)

Ecumenism aside, contemporary scholars criticize the traditional doctrine of apostolic succession on both historical and theological grounds. Most New Testament scholars, Catholics included, have discarded the notion that a "chain" of bishops can be traced back reliably to the earliest days of the church. This revisionist consensus is reflected in a joint statement on the ordained ministry issued in 1973 by the Anglican-Roman Catholic International Commission, a group of bishops and theologians appointed by their respective hierarchies. (This is the body that has been largely responsible for the Anglican-Roman rapprochement that the Pope says is now in jeopardy.) In that document, the commission notes that "the early churches may well have had considerable diversity in the structure of pastoral ministry" and it acknowledges that "just as the formation of the canon of the New Testament was a process incomplete until the second half of the second century, so also the full emergence of the threefold ministry of bishop, presbyter [priest] and deacon required a longer period than the apostolic age."

The theological objection to the doctrine is the complaint by some theologians—including, it can be assumed, some supporters of women's ordination—that the "pipeline" theory of apostolic succession demeans the ordained ministry by isolating it from the larger "faith community" and by seeming to fetter the Holy Spirit, the true source of an authentic ministry. Other critics note that the doctrine puts the Roman Catholic Church in the embarrassing position of recognizing as "valid" the holy orders of various ecclesiastical free-lancers and cranks. This predicament is hilariously dramatized by A. N. Wilson in his novel *Unguarded Hours*, in which an unwary young Englishman is (very) illicitly ordained to the priesthood by a retired electrician who turns out to be a "wandering bishop." Another character explains the term:

> Some person, who is, historically speaking, a consecrated bishop with full apostolic authority, has consecrated these people bishops. But they are wandering bishops. They don't have a diocese. They wander about the place making other people into clergymen as spurious as themselves. . . . They invent churches of their own and then they invent titles for themselves, often of the most ignorant and fanciful character. But the maddening thing about them is that, in a certain sense, they are *real*. Their orders are more indisputably ancient and catholic, very often, than those of their opposite numbers in the Church of England. Even the Roman Catholics recognize that they have episcopal *orders*, though not of course episcopal *authority*.

Roman Catholic and Anglican critics of the traditional doctrine argue for a more dynamic theory of apostolic succession, one focused less on a historically questionable relay race of ordination rites than on a continuity of belief and witness. In the words of the Rev. Julian Charley, an Anglican member of the Anglican-Roman Catholic International Commission, "the apostolicity of the Church is what matters most, not the credentials of its ministers."

The question is how that more nuanced standard would be applied to the case of Archbishop Lefebvre, not to mention that of a "rebel bishop" who decided to use his sacramental powers to admit women to the priesthood. The important divisions in the Roman Catholic Church today, whether they concern the divinity of Jesus or the morality of abortion, turn on creed, not credentials. No one in the Vatican contends, for example, that the Rev. Charles Curran is not a validly ordained priest. Given the doctrinal divisions in Roman Catholicism, shifting the focus from sufficiency of orders to sufficiency of belief might not make very much difference. □

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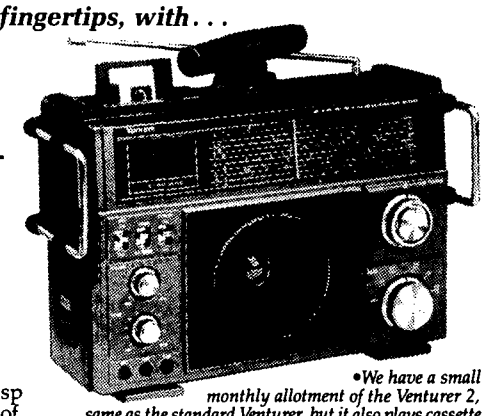

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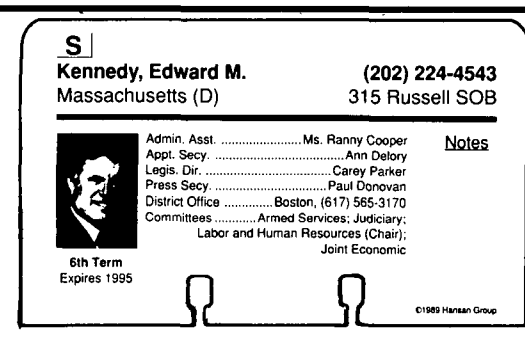

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THE NATION'S PULSE

SLIM GOP PICKIN'S IN DIXIE

by Hastings Wyman, Jr.

At the beginning of this decade, the Commonwealth of Virginia was a Republican stronghold. Ronald Reagan had carried the state by a sizeable margin in 1980. For twelve years Republicans had occupied the governor's mansion in Richmond. Republicans held one U.S. Senate seat, and Harry Byrd, Jr., a conservative independent, held the other, to be replaced by a Republican in 1982. Nine of Virginia's ten congressional seats were occupied by Grand Old Partiers. And although most local offices were still held by Democrats—the state legislature had ninety-seven Democrats and only forty-two Republicans—it was considered only a matter of time before the GOP would consolidate its power in this conservative stronghold, in this conservative decade.

But the best laid plans. . . . As the 1980s draw to a close, Democrats have held the Virginia governorship for eight years and could make history in November by electing the state's first black governor. Paul Trible, the Republican senator elected to replace Byrd, declined to seek re-election in the face of a powerful challenge from a Democratic ex-governor, who won the Senate seat almost by default. The Democrats now control half the U.S. House delegation. And the legislature—with ninety-three Democrats and forty-four Republicans—is about as Democratic as it was in 1980.

The pattern is not limited to Virginia. Fifteen years ago, Tennessee sent two Republicans to the Senate, including Majority Leader Howard Baker, and a GOP governor sat in Nashville. Today, both senators are Democrats, including presidential aspirant Albert Gore, Jr., and Tennessee's governor is a Democrat likely to face, at best, token GOP opposition in 1990. In Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Texas, previous GOP governorships lasted one term and left little imprint on their states' political landscape.

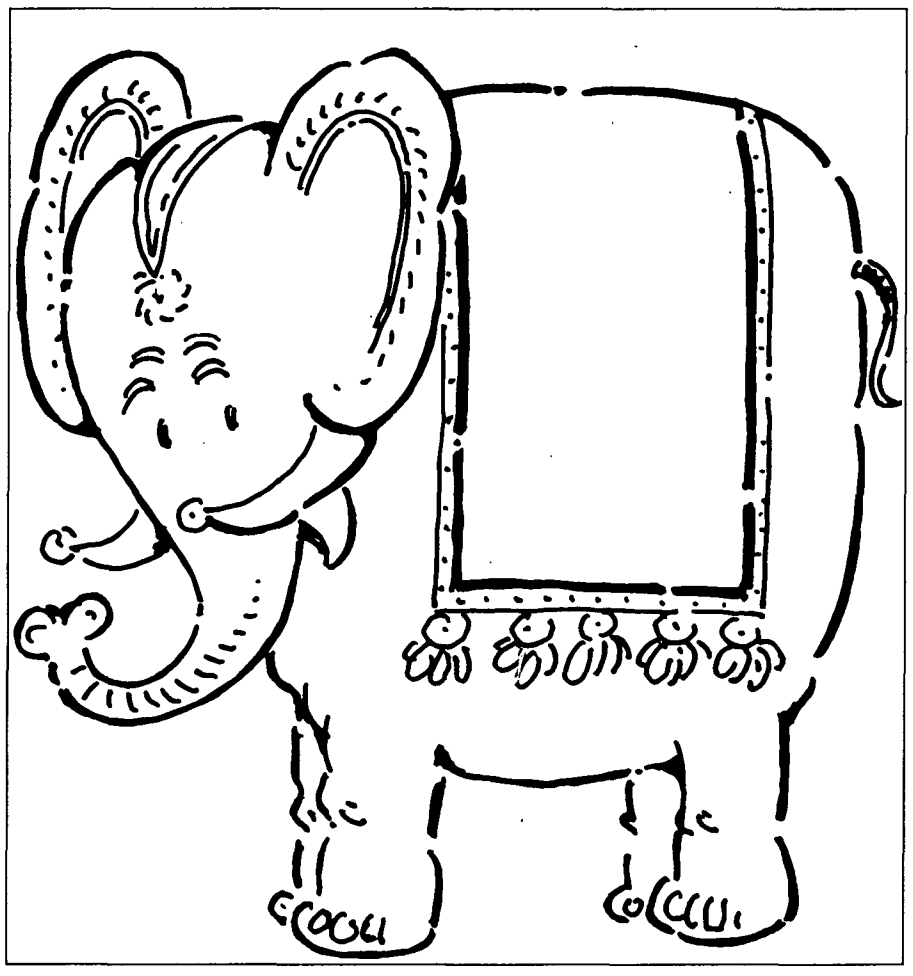
Similarly, since 1964, when Barry Goldwater's nomination made the GOP's Southern strategy official, at least twenty-three congressional districts, in every state of the South—that is, the eleven states of the old Confederacy—have elected Republican congressmen only to replace them later with Democrats. Moreover, numerous contests for open seats in districts with strong Republican voting histories on the presidential level have been won by Democrats (who then keep the seats for as long as they want—the incumbent re-election rate is now 98 percent). Three recent congressional races—one each in Texas, Florida, and Alabama—illustrate the GOP's problems in the South.

In 1985, President Reagan appointed Texas Congressman Sam Hall (D) to a federal judgeship. Sen. Phil Gramm (R) had urged the appointment because it would create a congressional vacancy in the First District, deep in the heart of "Dixiecrat" East Texas. The district was ripe for conversion to the GOP: Reagan had carried it with 61 percent in 1984. The Democrats nominated Jim Chapman, a savvy former district attorney; the Republicans chose Edd Hargett, a former professional football player. The GOP spent a fortune, and Lee Atwater—then the Reagan White House's top political operative—spent weeks in Texarkana overseeing the effort. The Democrats won a narrow but highly publicized victory.

In 1986, Rep. Don Fuqua (D), from Florida's Second District, unexpectedly decided to retire. The district, which includes Tallahassee, had given Reagan 62 percent only two years earlier. But the GOP didn't even contest the race, so Democrats kept the seat by default. (The winner, Bill Grant, did switch parties, incidentally, in early 1989; he faces a tough Democratic challenge in 1990.)

Early this year, Rep. Bill Nichols (D) of Alabama's Third District died. Both Reagan in '84 and Bush in '88 had won the district with 60 percent of the vote. In a special election last April, Republicans nominated state senator John Rice, who had switched parties only months earlier. The Democratic primary was won by Glen Browder, Alabama's secretary of state, a former political science professor and a self-proclaimed moderate with strong teacher/labor backing. The GOP ran a campaign long on stridency but short on specifics, trying to stick Browder with the liberal label, even though he had only a brief voting record—one year in the legislature—to provide the evidence. Browder won by a whopping 65-35 majority.

The GOP can find little solace elsewhere in the South. Louisiana's Fourth District did elect a Republican after Buddy Roemer, a Democrat, was elected governor, but districts in Tennessee and Virginia also held special elections in 1988, and though both districts had backed Reagan—by 57 and 65 percent respectively—Democrats won both seats.



Tip O'Neill wisely said that all politics are local. While local considerations entered into each of these races, election results for the South as a whole confirm that its congressional delegation is not moving inexorably into the Republican column. After the 1980 Reagan landslide, the Republicans held thirty-nine of the South's House seats, the Democrats, sixty-nine. Almost a decade later, after the 1988 Bush landslide, the Republicans still held thirty-nine to the Democrats' seventy-seven. Compare that performance to the 1960s, when Republicans gained twenty congressional seats in the South, or to the 1970s, when they gained twelve.

The GOP has also peaked in the election of Senate seats. Ten of the South's twenty-two senators (not counting Virginia's Byrd) were Republicans after Reagan's 1980 landslide carried four of them to unexpected victories. But today, the GOP has only seven senators from the South

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(although there are again five Republican governors—in Alabama, Florida, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Texas).

There are several reasons for the GOP's sluggishness in Dixie. One is a side effect of the Republican party's success in winning the White House. The GOP has often made gains in House and Senate races in the South when a Democrat occupied the White House and Southern voters had someone to react against. In 1980, when Reagan defeated Carter, Southern Republicans won nine House seats and four Senate seats. In 1984, with Reagan running to succeed himself, the GOP won seven House seats in the South and lost one Senate seat. And in 1988, when Bush, as heir apparent, swept the South, the GOP gained one Southern Senate seat and lost a Southern House seat. Southern voters don't "turn the rascals out" if they're not angry.

A second factor has been the determined political activity of Southern black voters. For various reasons—provisions of the Voting Rights Act, the greater likelihood of electing black candidates to office because of the heavy concentration of black voters, a strong commitment to the political process because so many were denied access to it until the mid-1960s—Southern blacks vote at a much higher rate than blacks elsewhere. And because the Republican party has, since 1964, been hostile or indifferent to much of the national civil rights agenda, Southern blacks are solidly Democratic (more than 90 percent). Thus Democratic candidates in the South start out with an average 20 percent of the voters, needing only about 40 percent—and in some states much less—of the white vote to win.

Below the presidential level, moreover, candidates and issues are seldom philosophically and racially polarizing, and this too helps Southern Democrats. While two-thirds of white voters in the South might easily agree that Michael Dukakis had no business supporting a program that allowed Willie Horton out on parole, Southern Democratic candidates for lesser office are quite willing to distance themselves from such policies. Some thirty-seven years after Dwight Eisenhower broke the Democratic monopoly on the South, for example, only 13 percent of Southern sheriffs—probably the region's most influential politicians—are Republicans. And state and local issues like taxation, education, highway programs, and lotteries seldom divide voters ideologically to the point where the GOP can count on the 60 or 70 percent majority of the white vote Republicans need to win.

The GOP's failure to win local office has had significant repercussions in congressional and statewide races. In the First District of Texas, when the special election was called in 1985, not a single officeholder was a Republican. This meant the GOP relied on a candidate who, though well known, had never run for office before and stumbled when he appeared unconcerned about the effects of Japanese exports on East Texas jobs. The paucity of local Republican officeholders usually means as well that "the courthouse crowd"—the sheriff, the clerk of court, the county treasurer, their employees, relatives, friends, and neighbors—is in the Democratic corner.

The Republican party may also have been hurt by the relative ease with which it can raise large sums of money. If you've got the money, your inclination is to *hire* a campaign—political consultant, media expert, telephone banks—rather than develop an organization of volunteers. The inclination is understandable, for going into a community cold and persuading people to help create a new political party is not unlike selling vacuum cleaners door-to-door: it can be done, but there's got to be an easier way. Unfortunately, the easier way has allowed the GOP to win a number of highly visible elections without building the kind of organization that produces victories over the long haul.

Is it over for the GOP in Dixie? Is the party that carried every Southern state in the 1988 presidential election permanently powerless in congressional races? Two factors suggest the long-term prospects for Republicans in the South may be brighter than the recent trends suggest.

In their excellent book, *Politics and Society in the South* (Harvard University Press, 1987), Earl and Merle Black point out that both working- and middle-class white Southerners are much more attuned to the political attitudes of the Republican party than of the (national) Democratic party. Excepting 1976, when Southerners voted their accent, the Democrats since 1964 have carried only two Southern states—Texas in 1968 (in a three-way split with George Wallace) and Georgia in 1980 (Carter again). In the 1988 election, the Bush-Quayle ticket ran stronger in the South (59 to 41 percent) than in the rest of the country (52 to 48 percent). Such strong preferences will continue to provide other, lower-level Republican candidates, if not long coattails to grab on to, at least a favorable hearing.

What's more, on the local level and in "down-ballot" statewide races, the GOP continues to grow. After the 1978 elections, the Republicans held 13 percent of the seats in Southern legislatures. In contrast to the GOP's stagnant record in U.S. House and Senate races, the Republican share of state seats has doubled in the last decade, to 26 percent. (And these gains ran counter to the trend in the rest of the country.) While Democrats have majorities in both houses of every Southern state legislature, the Florida GOP is on the verge of winning the state senate, and in the North Carolina house and the Tennessee senate Republican minorities have joined conservative Democrats to elect legislative leaders. Along with the Republican governorships, the advances in the state legislatures could win Republicans more favorable treatment in congressional and legislative redistricting after the 1990 census.

Similarly, the GOP is making significant gains in other local races. In 1988, Republicans elected seven new sheriffs in South Carolina, including in many of the state's largest counties. In Texas, the counties of Dallas, Tarrant (Fort Worth), and Bexar (San Antonio) all have Republican sheriffs; the Dallas County courthouse is occupied almost entirely by Republican officeholders.

Southern voters have also begun to elect Republicans to secondary statewide offices in Louisiana, North Carolina, Florida, and Texas. At least one key national Republican has recognized the importance of these races. House Whip Newt Gingrich founded GOPAC to lend financial and organizational support to local-level Republican candidates. He has been as good as his word in his own district in Georgia, where Republicans elected thirty-six of their seventy local candidates in 1988, a 119 percent increase for the district. That kind of local and down-ballot percentage provides the party not only with experienced candidates for the future but organizational muscle as well. A few more such efforts and the GOP's long dormant and much ballyhooed Southern strategy may at long last bear fruit. □

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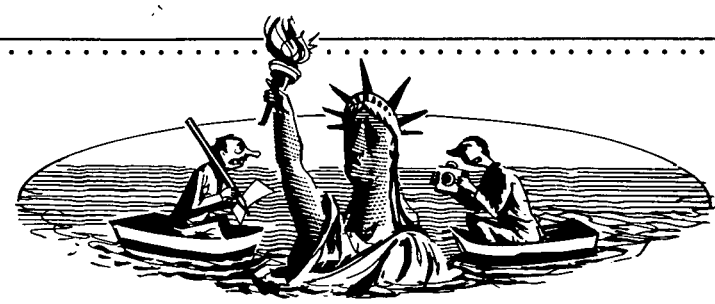

HOUSE FOLEYS

by Terry Eastland

In early June the communications director of the Republican National Committee distributed a memo designed to instruct Republicans on how to talk about Tom Foley, who would soon succeed Jim Wright as Speaker of the House. The memo discussed Foley's liberal voting record, comparing it to that of a Democratic colleague, Barney Frank of Massachusetts. The headline on the four-pager was: "Tom Foley: Out of the Liberal Closet." Rumors of homosexuality on Foley's part had for weeks been circulating on Capitol Hill, and because Frank is an avowed homosexual, the memo was widely interpreted as an attempt to say Foley is gay.

You know what happened next: establishment Washington expressed outrage, the man who wrote the memo resigned, and Foley himself was forced to deny he is homosexual (even though no one had offered any evidence to the contrary). Politically advantaged by the resignations of Wright and Tony Coelho, Republicans were suddenly on the defensive as they were portrayed in much of the media as the ones responsible for smearing Foley. *Time* saw it that way, and *Time*, the *Washington Post*, and the *New York Times*—among others—published editorials saying Lee Atwater, chairman of the RNC, should step down.

Now for the rest of the story, a remarkable one indeed. This was not simply the story of a Democrat victimized by Republicans but one that also involved Democrats and the media. And even, as Gloria Borger of *U.S. News & World Report* discovered, the office of the House Sergeant-at-arms.

This office handles security, and the man in charge, Jack Russ, told Borger that he had received some "wild and ridiculous accusations" involving Foley. Russ denies spreading the allegations, but he did tell Borger that high-ranking House members (I'm told they were Democrats) asked him "point-blank [about the rumors] and I told them what we had."

Democrats began trafficking in the Foley rumor as early as the final weeks of Wright's demise. Democratic supporters of the embattled Speaker—my sources point to the Texas delegation—employed the desperate argument that it would be better to have the heterosexual Wright as Speaker than someone who may be homosexual (again, for the record, there is no evidence at all that Foley is homosexual). Once Wright did step down, there were Democrats who traded in the rumor for another reason—"to bluff Tom out of the race," as Barney Frank put it to me.

Meanwhile, Democrats not opposed to Foley but nonetheless worried about the spreading rumor decided to try to track it down. These "self-appointed vigilantes," wrote Borger, the only reporter to capture this part of the story, "thus became rumor-mongers themselves." One was Rep. Jack Murtha of Pennsylvania, who told Borger through an aide that he was interested in the rumor "in a clarifying sense."

In our conversation, Frank said he told Democrats to knock off the rumor-mongering. It was too late. Republicans had long since joined in. Probably the most egregious gossip was Karen Van Brocklin, an aide to Rep. Newt Gingrich, who told Lars Erik-Nelson of the *New York Daily News*, "We hear it's little boys." She also told him that the *Washington Post* was going to come out with "a bombshell about Foley." Van Brocklin gave this sales pitch to numerous reporters. The purpose was obvious: to induce competitive fears that would cause the rumor finally to break into print, thus giving it the appearance of "news."

Erik-Nelson reported Van Brocklin's comments (though not identifying her) on June 5, a Monday, the day before the vote on Wright's successor. Not coincidentally, the RNC memo attacking Foley fell into reporters' hands on that same day. Stories the next morning made a correctly subdued mention of the memo, reporting it in a paragraph or two, usually far down in the copy.

There was no mention of the "out-of-the-closet" headline, no interpretation of the memo in sexual terms. This seemed to be the end of the memo story. It wasn't. That day, as Foley was elected Speaker of the House, Barney Frank made himself available to reporters, blasting the memo and decrying the use of sexuality as a weapon, even threatening to name gay Republicans whom he suspected of being involved in the rumor-mongering.

This had two consequences. Because someone had finally mentioned the homosexual angle in public, the media felt justified in dealing explicitly with the weeks-old rumor about Foley. Thus, the *New York Times*, after mentioning the memo and Frank's interpretation of it, included this brief paragraph disposing of the homosexual question: "Members of Congress, speaking privately with Mr. Foley, have been told by the Washington Democrat that he is heterosexual. He has been married for 20 years."

The other consequence of Frank's public comments was to reverse the political tide then running so strongly against congressional Democrats. Now reporters asked Republicans and Democrats alike what they thought of the "smear" memo. No one defended the "closet" language. No one could. In stories appearing Wednesday morning it seemed that the Republican party alone was guilty of a dirty deed. This was not the whole truth, of course, but truth was a casualty as reactions poured in Wednesday to the RNC memo, or at least its headline (the text could not fairly be seen as trying to suggest homosexuality). President Bush denounced the memo as Mark Goodin, its author, packed his bags. Democrats not satisfied with his resignation demanded Atwater's as well. The story more or less ended when President Bush, at his Thursday night press conference, said Atwater had looked him "right in the eye and said he did not know about [the memo]."

Arguably, Mark Goodin suffered more heavily than he should have, and

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Karen Van Brocklin less than she should have; Gingrich required merely that she not talk to the media again, else she'd be fired. Meanwhile, none of those Democrats who had been passing the Foley rumor paid any penalty, as Borger alone was correct to see. And no one in the media—not even Borger—reported how Frank, whether intentionally or not, had forced coverage of the memo on his terms, effectively precipitating the almost universal denunciation of the memo, and of Republicans generally, that quickly followed.

Finally, it bears noting that to spread a rumor on Capitol Hill means to mention it to reporters. This of course happened. And many reporters in turn raised it with members and staffers. "What about the Foley thing?" "Have you heard anything new about the Foley stuff?" There are a million ways to say it. This itself was irresponsible, a poking about on the basis of no evidence at all.

At least this poking occurred in private. Dan Rather's did not. On the May 28 Sunday edition of the CBS Evening News, in an interview with Tony Coelho, Rather said he'd been told that Tom Foley was someone "mentioned specifically" as having an ethics problem that might be "the worst of it." Question to Coelho: "[D]o you know of anything of an ethical-character nature that would prevent Tom Foley from being the next Speaker of the House if Jim Wright steps down?"

Coelho said he didn't know of anything. But he also should have emulated George Bush and taken Rather on by asking on what basis he'd ever pose such a question about anyone.

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On June 2, NBC Nightly News began a new segment called "Capitol Watch," which anchor Tom Brokaw described as "a series of reports on how Washington really works these days." Chief congressional correspondent Andrea Mitchell did the first report—a piece on something called the Aspin Procurement Institute. In case you didn't catch it, Congressman Les Aspin of Wisconsin started the institute, staffed it with former aides, and got a Pentagon grant to keep it going. And, oh yes, he named it after himself. Its official mission, as Mitchell described it, is "to help Wisconsin get more Pentagon contracts"—in the past fifteen months some seventy-seven contracts in all, valued at a half million dollars, and creating more than 5,000 new jobs. Its other mission is "not incidentally . . . promoting the political career of Congressman Aspin." Aspin refused to be interviewed for the piece, but Mitchell showed that he is quite willing to talk about the institute in political commercials, in which he brags to Wisconsin voters that he has helped the state "get out of last place on federal contracts."

There are sixty-one taxpayer-supported institutes around the country, but only one is named for a congressman. And that congressman is merely the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, which appropriates money for the Pentagon, the primary supporter of the Aspin Institute. Mitchell reported that the Pentagon denies favoritism in selecting Aspin's entity over others, and that the Pentagon maintains his name "does not make any difference in our evaluation process."

Give Mitchell credit for a job well done in reporting another perfectly legal way of life on Capitol Hill. And give Tim Russert, head of NBC's Washington bureau, credit for creating the series for his network. Not everything needs a news peg, and showing how Washington works is a worthy goal. Russert tells me the network will do ten or so pieces a year and focus on the other branches of government as well. Given the spotlight on Congress these days, I'll bet the majority of stories come from the Hill, where much of the scandal is 100 percent legal. □

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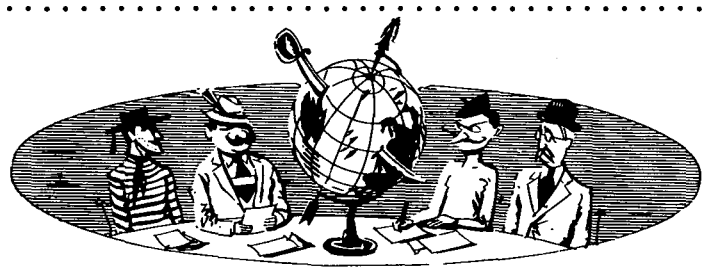

THE SCIENCE OF BAD SCIENCE

by Chester E. Finn, Jr.

Over the last several years, there has been a nationwide alarm at how little our children know of science, mathematics, and technology. The concern is well warranted. In the most recent international comparison, to cite one example, American 13-year-olds scored dead last in math and tied with Ireland and two Canadian provinces for last place in science.

In response, the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS) decided in 1985 to launch an education reform project. The 132,000-member organization, which has humbly dubbed itself "the world's leading general scientific society," created a special panel called the National Council on Science and Technology Education. Generously funded by the Carnegie and Mellon foundations, it set itself a monumental task: to spread scientific literacy throughout the land. The endeavor was named "Project 2061," referring to the year Halley's Comet is next supposed to swing by. (The date is so distant, the AAAS evidently decided it would be a suitable target for achieving its goal.)

Earlier this year, the first fruit of this planting was harvested, a plump volume entitled *Science for All Americans* that prescribed the essential elements of scientific literacy: the "knowledge, skills and attitudes all students should acquire as a consequence of their total school experience from kindergarten through high school." The initial drafting of the 217-page document was undoubtedly the work of the project staff, a five-man team headed by a refugee from the Carter Administration. Several hundred professional educators and scientists, many with lofty reputations in their own specialties, were then enlisted by the AAAS as consultants, advisers, and reviewers. But the group most responsible for legitimizing and advancing the report is the 26-member council empanelled by the AAAS specifically for this purpose. Co-chaired by an MIT dean and the former chairman of Bell Labs, it consists almost entirely of prominent scientists and educators, including deans at Columbia, Michigan State, and the University of Washington, Albert Shanker of the American Federation of Teachers, and the newly appointed undersecretary of education, Ted Sanders, then Illinois' school chief. These are the folks who signed the document. Lots of them ought to have known better.

Now, attempting to forge a nationwide core curriculum for science, math, and technology is not in itself a bad idea. The education reforms undertaken thus far in these (as in other) fields have plainly accomplished little. Why not pause, then, and clear our heads about what it is precisely that we want to teach? After all, if we don't know what we expect youngsters to learn, chances are they won't learn much. Besides, the AAAS and its benefactors had big plans for Project 2061: they could scarcely move on to phase II (pilot programs in a half dozen cities), let alone phase III (going national with the programs' results), without first specifying their educational targets.

Unfortunately, Project 2061, for all its funding and planning, has turned into a case study of how readily a decent impulse—once entrusted to the experts and the trendies—can yield something even worse than the *status quo*.

The AAAS panel organized its curricular advice into twelve chapters, purposely avoiding the familiar—but apparently "archaic"—scientific disciplines of biology, chemistry, and geology. Instead, *Science for All Americans* employs such winsome headings as "the nature of technology," "the living environment," "the mathematical world," and so on. Beyond the cute chapter titles the report brims over with its authors' hostility to traditional scientific knowledge and pedagogy and their infatuation with generalizing, "problem-solving," and "thinking skills." The fashion in education nowadays is to despise what the panel calls "specialized vocabulary and memorized procedures," and the AAAS project is nothing if not fashionable: it seeks to create a kind of "new science." And as was true of "new math," the new science won't leave many students with the sense that they actually learned anything.

What the report urges has much more to do with learning *about* science than immersing oneself *in* science. Some of it is unexceptionable; there is a chapter on "historical perspectives," for example, that nicely summarizes in roughly chronological order ten major discoveries in the history of science, from Ptolemy through Newton, Darwin, and Einstein. Yet one searches in vain for a section that looks anything like, say, "chemistry," as that discipline is customarily understood. There are smatterings of physics and biology, of astronomy and geology, but not enough to offer the student acquiring this form of "scientific literacy" any hope of actually being ready for a college-level course.

If students already possessed substantial scientific knowledge, a big dose of conceptualization and interconnecting would be in order. It's the sort of thing scientists do with each other. But when one doesn't know anything to start with, constructing a curriculum this way is like trying to build a masonry wall with mortar alone. As the *Washington Post* perceptively noted of the AAAS report: "Experts forget what it's like actually not to know math and science already."

Even within its ostensible area of expertise, in other words, the AAAS effort has probably worsened the problem it set out to solve. As with other contemporary reformers of math and science education, they have allowed modernism to supplant common sense, relativism to evict judgment, and progressivism to displace experience. If this were an English curriculum, we'd say they were recommending sophisticated techniques of literary analysis rather than expecting students actually to plunge into great novels, poems, plays, and stories. Doubtless we should be grateful that this crowd has not turned to training pilots or neurosurgeons—yet.

The Project 2061 team did not exactly confine itself to the "science and math" portions of the curriculum; it made a major incursion into the domain of "social studies" as well. That chapter is labelled "human society," and the rationale for including it appears to be that its intellectual substance, so to speak, comes from the social sciences. ("Sciences"—get it?) It is here that we find the truly appalling parts of *Science for All Americans*, a purée of the most banal and ideological kind of anthropology, sociology, economics, and psychology.

Today's social studies curriculum already suffers from a dearth of history and geography.[1] That's why so many kids coming out of school haven't a clue when the Civil War was fought (much less what its consequences were) or where the Middle East is. The main reason history and geography are slighted is that contemporary social studies consists overmuch of ethnic

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[1]See my "The Social Studies Debacle," *TAS*, May 1988.

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studies, current events, and "life in my neighborhood." The proper goal of curriculum reform in this field is to cast out the fluff to make room for full portions of history, geography, and civics. (That is what California, for example, has done in its exemplary new social studies programs.) But the AAAS moves in precisely the opposite direction, urging so much social science that a school would wind up devoting even less attention to what should be the subject's solid core.

More alarming still is what the AAAS would have youngsters *learn* about the nature of human society. If the curriculum of *Science for All Americans* were established in our schools, pupils would learn of economics, for example, that "at one theoretical extreme is the purely capitalist system, which assumes that free competition produces the best allocation of resources, the greatest productivity and efficiency, and the lowest costs." At the opposite "extreme" is—you guessed it—the "purely socialist system." Note the extraordinarily naive view of economics that posits only a straight line between these two models. (Fancy placing Singapore, say, onto that continuum.) Note, too, what is wrong with "pure" capitalism in the eyes of the AAAS:

> A few large corporations or unions tend to monopolize the market. . . . Discrimination based on economically irrelevant social attitudes (for example, against minorities and women, in favor of friends and relatives) further distorts the ideal of free competition. And even if the system is efficient, it tends to make some individuals very rich and some very poor.

The panel's view of *political* systems is just as fantastic: a continuum from democracy to dictatorship. Yet see how the polarity of extremes is put:

> The desire for resolute, efficient decision-making—at one extreme a dictatorship—may conflict with a desire for public participation—in the extreme, a democracy in which everyone votes on everything.

Only an extremist, the AAAS wants the schools to signal, would favor *either* of these ways of governing society. Certainly there is no moral difference between them in the eyes of the panel, only another choice to be made on the basis of preference, prejudice, or whim.

The passionlessness of the panel's chapter on human society is rooted in its thoroughgoing relativism. The reader never encounters any suggestion that some forms of social organization might be better for people than others. There is not a word about government by consent of the governed, and practically none about human or civil rights. Nowhere does either the word or the concept of totalitarianism appear, much less any information about what life might be like under such a regime.

Hence the AAAS report bends over backward to avoid suggesting that there might be any legitimate reasons for rivalries or quarrels among nations, much less battles and wars. For it wants to teach a particular lesson about international relations—wants so badly to teach it that the authors are even willing to suspend temporarily their fastidious relativism in favor of a bit of advocacy. The closing message of the chapter is that international interdependence demands a strengthening of "worldwide social systems" and a corresponding withering of the traditional nation-state. "Trading off national interests against global ones," the panel portentously concludes, "may turn out to be the most important social decision of all."

Did you really suppose that American education could not get worse? We're accustomed to goofiness and left-wing ideology from the social studies crowd. Now, courtesy of the AAAS, we have pounds more from the folks who, once-upon-a-time, were termed "hard" scientists. □

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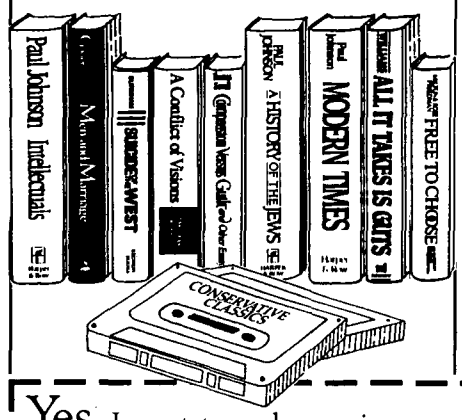

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CHARLES DICKENS GOT CROCKED HERE

by Stephen V. Gold

Let me tell you about The Spotted Cow. I met her on a muggy summer night in the heart of the English Midlands, after a hard day's march through two battlefields, a castle, and a cathedral. Reason enough to drop my gear in a guest room and head for the bar downstairs, where a gregarious member of Maggie Thatcher's proletariat, sporting a Peters jacket and traditional county cap, offered to buy a weary traveler a pint. I accepted and, per custom, returned the favor.

One Thwaites Best Bitter later, my friend and I were deep into the more arcane aspects of cricket and baseball. Two rounds of Mild Ale and we were comparing notes on the domestic problems of the House of Windsor. A smooth pint of Theakston Old Peculiar brought us to the Battle of Britain, which led, with what at the time seemed perfect logic, to a pejorative judgment of French cuisine. A few more rounds, a few more topics, and we parted, never to see each other again but nonetheless lifelong buddies.

The Spotted Cow: it was there that I discovered not only a new methodology in the study of English history but the secret that official tour guides in the U.K. keep to themselves; namely, that an American visitor can learn more about England in three hours spent in a public house than he can in three weeks' hard-marching through battlefields, castles, and cathedrals.

Thousands of Americans will travel to the British Isles this summer in search of the culture their ancestors fled. Force-fed the standard tourist fare of battlefields, castles, and cathedrals, they will come away, at best, with a superficial understanding of British history. At worst, after a few days of castle-hopping, their brains will simply short out. There was the occasion, before my visit to The Spotted Cow, when I stood on York's medieval wall, admiring the city's famed minster, only to have my reverie broken by the sound of two American accents in a deep rap about Black & Decker power tools. And the misty morning I climbed Arthur's Seat, the rugged cliff overlooking Edinburgh, and came face-to-face with a fellow Yank who wanted to relive that year's American League Championship Series.

Not to draw from these examples any sweeping conclusion about the ugly American abroad. On the contrary, my experience has been that, on the whole, we're fairly decent tourists—friendly, inquisitive, capable of digesting nearly anything. But after an extended tour of Victorian mansions, especially during England's rainy season, many of us grow weary, even homesick. Nothing, however, that a pub can't cure.

Stephen V. Gold, a Washington writer, spends his summers in British pubs.

Of all Britain's higher educational institutions, none can match the cultural significance of the public house. It's a fact, easily proven: Brits may toast the Queen three times a year and attend church twice, but the pub is the Establishment that truly holds their hearts. It defines the national culture in ways not to be found in any comparable American, German, or French institution. To create a similar environment this side of the Atlantic, we would have to combine our pizza parlors, pool halls, social clubs, bars, and nightclubs, keeping only their finer qualities (and improving their beer). German beer is certainly good enough, but the German beer *hall* is large, loud, and better suited for spectator sport than a friendly conversation. French bistros? They're refined little places where, depending on the neighborhood, one can join or overhear subdued conversations on surrealism, cheese, and the future of Eurocommunism.

American and continental drinking spots lack the simple warmth of the British public house. That's because the pub neither has nor encourages pretense. Walk into an American disco, for example, and you're apt to think (or feel you ought to think) you're John Travolta or Patrick Swayze. But enter a British pub and it's as if you've found a home, a place where you can be yourself.

Roughly estimated, there are 70,000 public houses in Britain, at least one for every village and hamlet. More than half are "tied" to a major brewery, meaning that they sell only the beer their owners offer—a practice the Thatcher government's Monopolies and Mergers Commission, over raucous protest from the breweries, is trying to change. Independent pubs, called "freehouses," sell any and all brands and brews, from pale yellow lagers and golden bitters to rich brown ales and thick black stouts. Many houses, both tied and free, have excellent kitchens that offer the visitor a generous assortment of snacks and meals; not just the hearty ploughman's lunch or traditional cottage pie and chips, but regional specialties that will come as a pleasant surprise to American tourists brainwashed by horror stories about British gastronomy.

Not to say that all pubs, any more than all restaurants or hotels, offer their clientele equal value in victuals and atmosphere. There are memorable pubs and pubs of a lower order, but absent a Michelin, Mobilguide, or Duncan Hines, I've worked up my own rating system, one that operates on a scale of one to five. A four-star pub—more aptly, four-pint—should, in addition to a wide variety of beers and ales, offer the visitor character and conviviality. Look for oak-beamed ceilings, Windsor chairs, inglenooks, a dartboard (in use, not just for show), and animals. The best pubs have a dog sleeping by the bar and a cat on the windowsill—sanitation sticklers and customers' allergies be damned.

As for conviviality, if when you walk in the place goes silent and you think you hear a murmur of "bloody Yank," don't even stick around to ask directions. High-rated pubs, on the other hand, feature patrons too busy enjoying themselves to care whether you're a regular or a tourist, along with bartenders who seem to go out of their way to make outsiders feel welcome.

Which brings us to the special ingredient that makes for a five-pint pub—all of the above, plus the added element of history.

Brits have been gathering in alehouses and inns for a drink and friendly chat for more than two millennia, pre-dating the Roman invasion. Indeed, by the time Caesar landed, the British taste for beer and ale was so ingrained that Roman efforts to convert the natives into wine-lovers failed miserably. Still, Caesar's legions did leave their mark on the countryside in the custom of hanging bunches of ivy (symbol of the Bacchanalia) outside wine shops. Thus did the ubiquitous signboard of the public house become part of the British landscape.

By the Middle Ages, alehouses were being used by the Saxons for council meetings and legal tribunals. Though the original building is long gone, Ye Olde Ferry Boat Inn at Holywell, Cambridgeshire—a certified five-pint establishment—carries on the proud tradition of a sixth-century alehouse. And while William the Conqueror co-opted much of the Saxon culture, the pub, rather than the continental sidewalk cafe, held its own as the center of British social, political, and literary life; though the early Norman influence can still be found in pubs that were licensed in the days when the royal court spoke only French.

Other pubs that trace their origin to the Middle Ages are steeped in battle lore. The Whittington Inn at Kinver, Staffordshire, began selling ale four years before Robert the Bruce made a fool of poor Edward II at Bannockburn (1314), while patrons of The Bells of Peover at Lower Peover, Cheshire, were spiritual witness to England's conquest of the neighboring Welsh (1282). Crusaders on their way to the Holy Land became regular customers of Ye Olde Trip to Jerusalem Inn at Nottingham after that five-pint pub opened its doors in 1189.

Many public houses are tied by history to England's Civil War. Picture Oliver Cromwell, the ultimate Puritan, using The Bull's Head in London as his headquarters, or holding a Roundhead council of war at The Reindeer in Banbury, Oxfordshire. Nor was the Lord Protector-to-be beyond using a five-pint inn named The Royal Oak in

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Whatcote, Warwickshire as a hiding place. His nemesis, Charles I, surrendered to Scottish commissioners at The Saracen's Head in Southwell, Nottinghamshire; and his royal successor, Charles II, in flight after a trouncing at the Battle of Worcester, stopped for a pint or two at The George & Dragon in Houghton, West Sussex, then took shelter at the aptly named Royal Standard of England in Forty Green, Buckinghamshire.

Other famed island warriors known to have spent their idle hours in pubs include Francis Drake and Walter Raleigh (The Exeter Inn, Ashburton, Devon), and Lord Nelson (The Angel Hotel, Ludlow, Shropshire). As for the Battle of Waterloo having been won on the playing fields at Eton, a more likely site was The Grenadier in Knightsbridge, London, where Arthur Wellesley spent a fair bit of time.

British literary history is also rich in pub lore, with many (if not most) of the island's writers as notable for their proclivity to drink as their ability to put words on parchment. Dr. Johnson's favorite was, of course, Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese on Fleet Street, London; Robert Louis Stevenson took his pints in the comfort of The Cramond Inn, Edinburgh; while Scotland's Burns did his ruminating about bonnie lassies, mice and men, at The Black Bull in the lowland village of Moffatt. Then there was the special case of the visiting economist, Karl Marx, who contemplated Hegel and the mysteries of Spencerian philosophy at London's Bloomsbury Museum Tavern.

As for Charles Dickens, American visitors could map out an interesting tour of London and England based on his pub travels alone. While living in the Bloomsbury area, Dickens frequented The Lamb; but he was also known to stop off at Fleet Street's Ye Olde Cock Tavern, the East End's Prospect of Whitby (also a favorite of Turner and Whistler), Jack Straw's Castle in Hampstead, and the bar at the Morritt Arms Hotel, near Barnard Castle in Durham, where Dickens wrote his classic *Nicholas Nickleby*.

Before we closed The Spotted Cow that evening a few summers back, my new-found English friend in the Peters jacket and county cap passed along a personal experience that captured, in a memorable vignette, the close attachment the British people feel to their country's past.

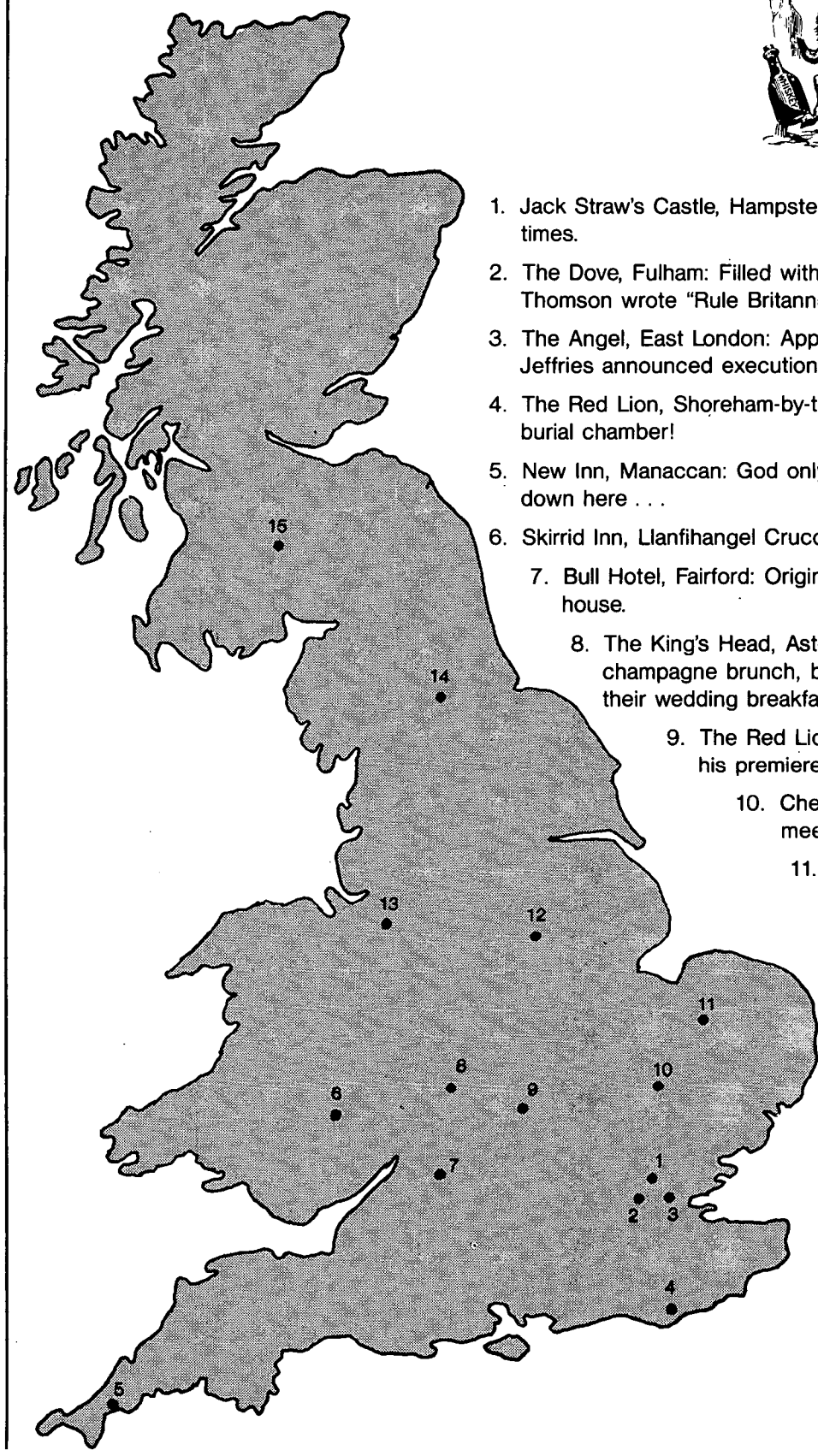
We were talking about Coventry's fate during World War II. The city was my drinking companion's home, and it had been his family's home for centuries. Few cities on the island, he said, could claim Coventry's rich heritage. It had been founded in Saxon times and a Benedictine monastery was built there in the eleventh century. Coventry was the place where Lady Godiva took her famous ride, watched by the original "Peeping Tom." The town's majestic cathedral was admired worldwide, as were its other fine medieval buildings.

Then, he told me, on the night of November 14, 1940, German bombers wiped out the center of town and 1500 years of history, including the great cathedral. My companion was five years old at the time. His father's business was destroyed; so was his uncle's.

No speeches were made the following morning. No grand rhetoric, no civic assemblies. His family and their neighbors simply went to work rebuilding their homes and their lives. As he grew up, he watched the people of Coventry construct a new cathedral next to the charred ruins of the old one, then fashion a cross from the timbers of the old burnt roof and place it on the original altar. On the back of the cross they carved two words: *Father Forgive.*

When my companion finished his story we sat silent for awhile. We had had our evening at The Spotted Cow and there seemed nothing left to say. All that remained was for the two of us, the gregarious midlander and the visiting Yank, to raise our empty mugs to the good people of Coventry. □

A PUB TOUR OF BRITAIN



1. Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead: Dickens slept here—several times.
2. The Dove, Fulham: Filled with inspiration—and beer. James Thomson wrote "Rule Britannia" here.
3. The Angel, East London: Appropriately named—"Hanging" Judge Jeffries announced executions here.
4. The Red Lion, Shoreham-by-the-Sea: Drink in a former Saxon burial chamber!
5. New Inn, Manaccan: God only knows what Cromwell was doing down here . . .
6. Skirrid Inn, Llanfihangel Crucorney: A spirited pub—it's haunted!
7. Bull Hotel, Fairford: Originally a medieval monks' chanting house.
8. The King's Head, Aston Cantlow: It doesn't offer a champagne brunch, but Shakespeare's parents still held their wedding breakfast here.
9. The Red Lion, High Wycombe: Disraeli made his premiere political speech from the roof.
10. Chequers Inn, Fowlmere: A favorite meeting spot of Samuel Pepys.
11. Historic Thomas Paine Hotel, Thetford: Terrible Tom was born here.
12. The Saracen's Head, Southwell: Charles I's Last Stand—he surrendered here.
13. Corbet Arms Hotel, Market Drayton: Ask for the lady ghost.
14. Morritt Arms Hotel, Greta Bridge: Dickens penned *Nicholas Nickleby* here.
15. The Black Bull, Moffat: Robbie Burns ate haggis here.

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AMONG THE INTELLECTUALOIDS

AGENTS OF THE NEW AGE

by Martin Morse Wooster

The New Age movement in America is hardly new. As the journalist Jay Kinney notes in an entertaining anthology, *The Fringes of Reason* (a "Whole Earth Catalog" to New Age practices), "nearly every spiritual or cultural phenomenon associated with the term dates back at least several centuries." The first channelers, for example, were members of the Fox family of Hydesville, New York, who in 1848 achieved national renown by communicating with the dead (most notably with a "Mr. Splitfoot"). The first Indian gurus came to the U.S. in 1893 as part of the Chicago World's Fair. And the first journal to identify itself with the New Age—the *New Age Magazine*—published its premiere issue in 1914.

But it was not until the rise of the counterculture in the 1960s that the New Age movement took an interest in politics, although it adopted a slightly different attitude from that of its half-brothers and -sisters on the New Left. For the New Left, politics was life. For the New Agers, politics is therapy. It is their quest to connect with "the newly rediscovered spiritual side of things," as one New Ager puts it, that has brought them flocking to environmental, feminist, and peace groups.

Which greet them, not surprisingly, with open arms. Fully a third of the listings in the 1989 *Guide to New Age Living* are political, including twenty-five environmental groups, twenty-four peace outfits, thirty-five "social justice" organizations (among them the Institute for Policy Studies, self-described in the *Guide* as an "unbiased center for scholars and activists"), twenty-three antihunger groups, and five animal-rights groups. (By way of comparison, the *Guide* lists thirty-nine spas and ashrams and a mere fourteen suppliers of vegetarian pet food.) And at the "Heart-to-Heart Festival," which I recently attended in Washington, there was likewise a heavy proportion of left-wing groups with their own display booths: the National Peace Institute, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, the Christic Institute, and many more.

Other booths at the festival were harder to characterize. One woman offered proof that AIDS could be cured by ingesting large quantities of watercress; the New Vrindiban Community of West Virginia sold *The Joy of No Sex* ("50,000 copies in print"); the Global Cooperation Project, combining the intellectual candlepower of Jimmy Carter, Peter Gabriel, Barbara Jordan, Ken Kesey, and Ben Kingsley, asked those attending the festival to organize "creative groups" to "brainstorm positive ideas about a better world." (Among the positive ideas *already submitted* by previous creative groups: "Harmony, trust, respect, understanding, cooperation, and ice cream every day." These ideas, the project guaranteed, would be donated to the United Nations. I can't think of a more worthy depository.)

Rama Vernon, director of the Center for Soviet-American Dialogue, was the featured speaker at the first "Heart-to-Heart" session I attended. At one time, Vernon led a typical New Age life, meditating daily, avoiding the world. But then in 1984 she went to the Soviet Union. She was standing in Red Square, she said, watching Soviet soldiers do the goosestep, when "I came face to face with my programmed preconceptions of the Evil Empire. As I watched the soldiers marching, my knees trembled with fear. And I asked: 'Where is this fear coming from?' . . . I saw that my fear was primordial, rooted in the inner society."

Returning to the U.S., Vernon set herself up in business as a New Age travel agent, taking nearly a thousand truth-seekers on twenty-nine missions to the Soviet Union over the past five years. On her tours she has met with "healers, psychics, underwater communicators, refuseniks, and dissidents." In Russian schools she has sung works by Joan Baez and Pete Seeger—"the Soviets' great heroes," she called them—and her two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Mira, has been interviewed on Soviet television.

But the high point of her life, she said, was when she met with Mikhail Gorbachev at a "worldwide ceremony of peace" in 1987. Franciscan and Buddhist monks chanted; American Indians presented a peace pipe. And Gorbachev spoke. "There was a space between his thoughts," she said. "And those spaces filled the room, so that there was a tide of consciousness sweeping the room." She even held Gorbachev's hand; and as she did so, "I could feel that there is a great light in the world—and it's coming out of Russia!"

Vernon invited us to become "citizen diplomats" by signing up for her next "transformational journey" to "bond" with the "truly kind, giving, loving, zestful, warm-hearted, spiritual" Soviets. All of the arrangements inside the Soviet Union—visits with healers, psychics, "mystical artists," and people who swim in Gorky Park in January, along with a tour of the Kiev-Pechery monastery (which holds "the remains of monks whose mummies still emanate spiritual energy")—would be handled by Intourist. Cost: less than $3,000 ($2,995).

Vernon was followed by Marilyn Ferguson, a perky pixie mysteriously encased in what seemed to be a baby-blue quilt. Author of the New Age blockbuster *The Aquarian Conspiracy*, Ferguson has for the past six years been working on a new book she calls *The New Common Sense: Secrets of the Visionary Life*. She wouldn't explain what her book is about, but through her research she has compiled a large number of uplifting quotations, most of which she read to the audience. She cited Thoreau, Emerson (a New Age favorite), Thomas Paine, William James, Thomas Edison, Paul Newman, her cleaning lady, and inspirational passages from *Reader's Digest*. "I seem to be quoting a lot today," she said. "I can't help myself."

Stripped of its New Age rhetoric, much of Ferguson's talk was quite reasonable: "The next level of joy" after personal fulfillment, she said, could best be reached by people working together to perform charitable acts, and she denied that Washington had all the answers to America's problems. "Although it's important to have responsible government, it really truly is the reaching out of all of us that makes a difference. . . . There are going to be hundreds of thousands of solutions, not one solution."

As she spoke, her phrases began to mingle with others in my mind: "The reaching out of all of us . . . a kinder, gentler nation . . . thousands of solutions . . . a thousand points of light . . ." Was Marilyn Ferguson a Republican, I wondered, or was George Bush a New Ager?

"He sounds very New Age to me," Ferguson said cheerfully.

The next morning, I attended a session featuring Ed Winchester, who has spent most of his life as an accountant for the Pentagon. A few years ago, he enrolled in a course on New Age ideas, sponsored by the Air Force. He was quickly converted, and committed himself to solving the problems of national defense through yoga. He enlisted several of his co-workers to create, by means of meditation, a "Peace Shield" that would eventually convert hawks through a "Spiritual Defense Initiative."

Winchester has become something of a New Age megastar. Dozens of newspapers, including the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*, have made him the subject of profiles ("PENTAGON PSYCHICS BUILDING PEACE SHIELD AROUND USA," screamed the tabloid *National Examiner*). Swamis and gurus from all over have made Winchester's office a regular stop on their worldwide tours. Sri Chimnoy, a Bangladeshi best known for his annual peace meditations at the UN, visited Winchester and composed a ballad in his honor.

Pentagon! Pentagon! Pentagon!

Martin Morse Wooster, formerly an editor at Harper's Magazine *and the* Wilson Quarterly, *is director of Northfield Associates, a research and consulting firm in Silver Spring, Maryland.*

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Pentagon! Pentagon! Pentagon!
Earth's brightest, bravest, Power Dawn.

Winchester claims that his meditators are responsible for the "breakthrough in the reunification process" between North and South Korea. He also accepts credit for exposing the procurement scandals last year through meditation.

What accounts for the mysterious power of these Pentagon meditators? In his talk, Winchester tried to explain. As befits a good bureaucrat, he had a chart. And as befits the work of a good bureaucrat, the chart didn't make much sense. The average Pentagon worker, he said, starts his career with a flat "awareness baseline." Meditation, however, causes the bureaucrat's mind to leap into the "field of Universal C," C being the "coherence factor," a "measure of spiritual force," that produces the "Peace Shield effect." When he enters the Universal C, the meditating bureaucrat—or "spiritual warrior"—"has no consciousness." (This is a complaint that has been made against Pentagon bureaucrats for years.) "Some of this," Winchester said with a shrug, "may sound like nonsense."

The day's closing speaker was Dennis Weaver, the star of "Gunsmoke," "McCloud," "Gentle Ben," and other television shows. He was introduced by his wife, Geri, who explained that Weaver had recently been building his dream house; located in the plains of Colorado, it is made exclusively from garbage. "He's got an architect called the 'Prince of Trash,'" she said, "and he's going to stack old tires up like bricks and *stucco it* with old aluminum cans!" She finished her introduction with a look into the future—"If I don't show up next year, it's because Dennis is going to arrange to send me out on a UFO and not bring me back!"—and then Weaver himself bounded onto the stage.

A trim, fit man in his fifties, he wore a sky-blue shirt with red and purple panels that made him look like a New Age jockey. But he was a jockey with lots to say. He boldly came out *for* love and *against* greed. "We're like snowflakes, you know," Weaver said, "all different, but we come out of the same snowbank. Love—you know, that's really the answer to every problem on the face of the earth."

He went on in this vein for some time. The audience was deeply moved. Then the floor was opened up for questions.

"Why did you decide to work for Greenpeace?"

"I supported Greenpeace because there was an urging within me to heal the planet. A lot of people say the earth is dying, that rain forests are being destroyed. The planet isn't dying. It's *reacting* to what we have perpetrated. What would you do if someone poured acid rain on your head? You'd react—and that's what's happening with the planet. You see more earthquakes and tornadoes."

"Do you think the New Age will ever take place?"

"We're in a shift of consciousness," Weaver said. "We have a change in the reality around us, which is always motivated by a need. . . . Look back a hundred years, we had no radios, no televisions, no compact discs, no acid rain, and we *never* had these environmental problems."

There were a few more questions along these lines, in answer to which Weaver revealed that he was a vegetarian and had been practicing yoga since 1959 (when America still knew him as the humble Chester on "Gunsmoke").

Then came the clincher.

"Any chance of a political campaign?"

Weaver paused, and gave the audience a beatific smile. The crowd egged him on. "If Ronald Reagan can do it," someone called out, "you can do it!"

"*Who knows* what's in my life?" he said. "I don't think I'm going to have that urge, but I don't want to limit myself."

It was the best "maybe yes, maybe no" answer I'd ever heard at a Washington conference—final proof, as if any were needed, that politics and the New Age are meant for each other. □

THE TALKIES

POETRY IN MOTION

by Bruce Bawer

Dead Poets Society is the kind of movie you want to like. Set in 1959, it's about a group of sensitive, intelligent, teenaged boys at the hundred-year-old Welton School, "the best preparatory school in the United States," whose enthusiastic young English teacher, John Keating (Robin Williams), teaches them not just to appreciate but to *love* poetry. How, you ask? Here's how: on the first day of classes, he steers them into a corridor lined with photographs of earlier Welton graduating classes, and has one of the boys read aloud the first lines of the Robert Herrick poem "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time" ("Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,/Old time is still a-flying . . ."). "We are food for worms, lads!" Keating declares dramatically, and bids his charges look closely at the faces of the Welton students of a century ago—innocent, hopeful faces not unlike their own. "These boys are now fertilizing daffodils," whispers Keating (himself a Welton alumnus) as the camera examines one of the old photographs in extreme close-up. "Seize the day, boys! Make your lives extraordinary!"

What does all this have to do with poetry? Why, everything, of course. "We don't read and write poetry because it's cute," Keating tells the boys, "we read and write poetry because we're human, and humans feel passion." Passion—that's the ticket! He feeds them a purely Romantic conception of things: the poet as savage, as redskin. No Alexander Pope on *this* reading list! Keating's hero is Whitman, and he scrawls on the blackboard the famous line from "Song of Myself": "I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world." Before long, he's got his pupils sounding their own yawps; and when the most unassertive boy in the class, Todd Anderson (Ethan Hawke), proves to be too bashful to compose and read aloud a poem of his own, Keating drags him in front of the class and agitates him into inventing one on the spot. The poem isn't very good, needless to say, but it's peeled straight from the gut, and (as Keating makes clear) that's what counts.

For he certainly doesn't teach his students any other criteria for great poetry (not on screen, at least): there's no class discussion here, no exegesis, no *explication de texte*. Instead he conducts unorthodox exercises: during one class period, he has the boys take turns standing on his desk (so that they can see things from a different perspective); during another, he leads them into a courtyard to try out various idiosyncratic ways of walking (so that they can learn not to be conformists). Throughout these peculiarly conceived lessons, poetry itself is reduced to the role which Philistines have always accorded it, that of rudimentary Source of Inspiration: Keating—hovering busily over his bemused, acquiescent, and increasingly adoring boys like a neurotically possessive mother—tosses off isolated lines from great writers as if they were fortune-cookie maxims or desk-calendar Thoughts for the Day. Thoreau, he exclaims, wrote that "most men lead lives of quiet desperation": don't let that happen to you! He has a boy recite the closing lines of Tennyson's "Ulysses," with their description of "heroic hearts,/Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will/To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield." The lesson is plain: strive, seek, find, don't yield. Seize the day!

Patently, director Peter Weir (whose previous films include *Gallipoli*, *The Year of Living Dangerously*, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, and *Witness*) and screenwriter Tom Schulman want us to love Keating. To this end, they load the dice grotesquely against the opposition—i.e., the other adults in the movie. First, they give Welton an unbelievably cold and intractable old headmaster

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who prattles on snobbishly about "tradition" and who is deeply suspicious of Keating and his methods. (Then why, one wonders, did he hire him in the first place?) Second, they give the two most prominent boys, Todd Anderson and Neil Perry (Robert Sean Leonard), frosty and tyrannical dads. Finally, they outfit Keating's class with a textbook entitled *Understanding Poetry* by some scholar named Pritchard, whose introduction solemnly outlines a fatuous pseudo-scientific method for determining a poem's greatness. On the first day of class, Keating orders the boys to tear this introduction out of their books, and passes around the wastepaper basket while fulminating against the "armies of academics" who engage in "measuring poetry." "No matter what anybody tells you," he says, "words in meter *can* change the world!" It's an irritating scene: for one thing, Pritchard's straw-man introduction is too ludicrous to be credible, and Keating's opposition to it absurdly facile; for another, whether intentionally or not, the episode comes off as a rude dig at Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren, the editors of the classic textbook *Understanding Poetry*, whose intelligent and responsible critical method bears no resemblance to that of the fictitious Dr. Pritchard.

Dead Poets Society has been promoted heavily as a Robin Williams film, but it really isn't, strictly speaking. Though we see Keating transfigure the lives of his students, we aren't given much of a glimpse into *his* life; we don't feel as if we know him, and when fate deals him his hand at the end of the film we haven't got a clue as to what that fate means to him, practically, emotionally, or spiritually. The few personal touches about him feel arbitrary: we're told that he's taught previously in England and that he has a girlfriend in London—none of which has any apparent bearing on the story. There are long stretches of the film in which Keating doesn't even appear, and only a couple of brief moments when we see him apart from his students. It's the boys, in fact, who are at the film's center; Weir focuses not on Keating but on how Keating's way of thinking affects them. Which brings us to the title of the movie: through an old Welton yearbook, the boys learn that Keating once belonged to a mysterious student club called the Dead Poets Society; its members, Keating explains to them nostalgically, were "romantics" who regularly gathered in a cave and read to each other from an anthology called *Five Centuries of Verse*. Intrigued, several of the students secretly revive the society—and, in various ways, act upon Keating's philosophy.

None of these ways, unfortunately, is very interesting. Neil defies his father (who wants him to concentrate on schoolwork) by acting in a local production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; a boy named Knox Overstreet screws up the courage to ask a pretty girl out for a date. The story of Neil and his dad, to be sure, has a certain poignancy, and is helped considerably by good performances in challenging roles. Leonard (despite a tendency to overexercise his winsome smile) does a credible job of creating a character whose self-possession dissolves completely in his father's presence; and Kurtwood Smith turns in a forceful performance as the father, who is at once genuinely loving and cruelly inflexible, so determined to see his son become a doctor that he is unwilling, even for a moment, to take the boy's own aspirations seriously. But the father-son conflict feels rather cursory at times, bringing us too close for comfort to TV-movie territory. As for the sequences about Knox and his girl, they're so trite and familiar that they might almost have been edited in from some inane coming-of-age movie set in the late fifties—or, for that matter, from "Happy Days."

Some viewers of *Dead Poets Society* will be reminded of Muriel Spark's 1961 novel *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* (which, it will be remembered, was made into a 1969 film starring Maggie Smith). Like Jean Brodie, John Keating is a lonely, self-romanticizing egoist whose classroom style fosters a personality cult (he has the boys call him Captain, a name derived from Whitman's "O Captain, My Captain"

—a poem which, incidentally, few true Whitmanians would exalt); as in the case of Jean Brodie, moreover, Keating's manipulation of his students has fatal consequences (which I won't reveal here). But whereas Spark recognized the selfishness of Miss Brodie's motives and the destructiveness of her influence, *Dead Poets Society* makes Keating into an outright hero, a dedicated teacher misunderstood and (ultimately) scapegoated by the establishment.

How callow, how sentimental, this film is about its subject! Weir and company would have us believe that getting young people to care for poetry is just a matter of inculcating a romantic sensibility; but surely anyone who has tried his hand at teaching poetry to high school or college students knows that teenaged boys *already* think like Dylan Thomas and Walt Whitman and Percy Bysshe Shelley; the difficulty is in getting them to *read* Thomas and Whitman and Shelley, to understand the poets' work, to recognize the poetry's affinity to their own lives—and, above all, to comprehend why the "barbaric yawp" of Thomas and Whitman and Shelley is more valuable than that of this week's Top-Forty *Billboard* sensation. Nor do you have to encourage teenagers to seize the day: the trick is getting them to think in terms of tomorrow. Certainly, in this age of sex, drugs, rock-and-roll, and other forms of instant gratification, "seize the day" is among the last messages teenagers need to hear—which may be why *Dead Poets Society* is set not in an inner-city high school in 1989 (where a John Keating would merely be contributing to the reigning chaos) but in a stuffy late-fifties prep school, a numbingly reactionary environment in which teaching methods like Keating's can actually be made to seem plausible and sympathetic.

All of which is a shame, because Robin Williams (who convincingly demonstrated his capabilities as a serious actor in *The World According to Garp*) turns in a splendidly modulated performance as Keating; though he seems always to be on the go—bounding tirelessly about the classroom like a Donald O'Connor, constantly pouncing on one student or another to make a point—his exuberance never gets out of control, and his restraint (when called for) is impressive. If Robert Sean Leonard is very fine, moreover, Ethan Hawke is even finer, making Todd's painful shyness so palpable and touching that one all but squirms along with him; indeed, I can't think of a recent film with more promising work by actors of this age. But their characters' tribulations simply aren't that compelling, and the closer Weir gets to them the less certain he seems about where he wants to direct emphasis; the entire middle part of the film—which abandons Keating for extended periods in order to shuttle back and forth between glimpses of the boys' extracurricular lives—feels directionless, unmoored. Skimpily developed though Williams's character may be, it is only when he is on screen that the movie has energy, color, and dramatic tension.

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Fortunately, all three of these attributes abound in *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*, the third entry in Steven Spielberg's highly popular action-adventure series. As before, our hero is archeology professor Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), who—what with his life-or-death chases through Austrian castles, German countryside, and Middle Eastern deserts, and his hair's-breadth escapes from Nazi zeppelins, fast-sinking ships off the Portuguese coast, and blazing, rat-infested Venetian catacombs—spends even less time in the classroom than John Keating. Once again, Indy's on the trail of a religious relic—this time, the Holy Grail, the quest for which leads him, in the year of our Lord 1938, from a genteel American university campus all the way to the exotic republic of Hatay (which would seem to be somewhere between Morocco and Iran).

The Indiana Jones films are, of course, a triumph more of special effects than of screenplay, more of stunt work than of great acting; what's more, one might justifiably be disturbed by Spielberg's consistently glib appropriation of profound religious images and ideas (which brings to mind his equally slick treatment of war and its casualties in *Empire of the Sun*). But for the most part, *Last Crusade* does exactly what this sort of film should do: it moves along (as did *Raiders of the Lost Ark*) at a breathtaking clip, keeping you on the edge of your seat nearly without letup; and it gives you a hero you can root for, while every so often (but not *too* often) laughing along with you at the implausibility of it all. One thing that's new here is that we get to see our hero with his fussy, abstracted dad (Sean Connery), whose lifelong Grail fixation gets Indy into this mess in the first place. We also get to see Indy as a boy—specifically, a Boy Scout in 1912 Utah—who, in a wittily conceived sequence, leads a corps of bad guys on a chase through a circus train. The part is nicely played by River Phoenix, who projects the same boyish earnestness that Ford does—and the same charming combination of resourcefulness and fallibility, savvy and naivete. All in all, it's an entertaining roller-coaster ride. □

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THE GRAPES OF WRATH
(Fiftieth Anniversary Edition)
John Steinbeck/Viking/619 pp. $25.00

WORKING DAYS: THE JOURNALS OF
"THE GRAPES OF WRATH," 1938-1941
John Steinbeck, edited by Robert DeMott/Viking/180 pp. $18.95

Kenneth S. Lynn

John Steinbeck's first lengthy examination of the Dust Bowl migrants—a series of investigative reports that were published, alongside photos of the migrants by the Farm Security Administration's Dorothea Lange, in the pro-labor *San Francisco News* in the fall of 1936—made only passing allusions to their trek westward from Oklahoma and concentrated instead on the gypsy-like existence they were reduced to in agriculturally feudal California. Subsequently, he tried and failed to write a novel called *The Oklahomans*, in which, apparently, he zeroed in once again on the California scene. His third attempt to deal with the migrants was inspired by a bloody clash between workers and growers in a lettuce strike in Salinas, California, his birthplace. But *L' Affaire Lettuceberg*, as he dubbed the manuscript he produced, was nothing more, he eventually realized, than a "vulgar" tract, and in mid-May 1938, he destroyed it. With that dark act he might have lapsed into despair—except that it was immediately followed by the mightiest outburst of imaginative energy he would ever experience.

Across a span of no more than ten days, between May 15 and 25, the entire scheme of *The Grapes of Wrath* was envisioned by Steinbeck, beginning with the grand outlines of the Joad family's journey across the country, but also including the symphonic structure of the story, with its alternating modes of exposition and narrative, and the dramatic events of individual scenes, all the way down to Rose of Sharon's gesture at the close of offering her milky breast to a starving man. He also established a writing schedule of 2,000 words a day that would enable him—that did enable him—to complete the novel by the following October. Finally, he decided that he would make a map of his literary progress by keeping a journal. Thanks to Robert DeMott, a professor of English at Ohio University and a recognized authority on Steinbeck, that journal has now been published, with useful notes by Professor DeMott, under the title *Working Days.*

It is a harrowing document. For while *Working Days* testifies to Steinbeck's continuing grasp of his organizational plan for *The Grapes of Wrath*, as well as to his dogged determination to meet his per diem quota of words, it is also a record of doubts of his literary adequacy, of anger at being interrupted by friends and strangers, of disgust with himself about his drinking, cigarette smoking, and general lack of self-discipline, and of fears of nervous collapse and insanity. Here are some representative comments:

"Irritated today. People want to come to see me next Monday. Can't be. Just want to sit. Day not propitious. Have a loose feeling that makes me nervous . . . I get nuts if not protected from all the outside stuff" (June 3). "My whole nervous system is battered. Don't know why. I hope I am not headed for a nervous breakdown" (June 6). "Last night . . . drank a great deal of champagne [and] . . . am not in the dead sober state I could wish . . . I must not be weak. . . . The failure of will even for one day has a devastating effect" (June 13). ". . . once this book is done I won't care how soon I die, because my major work will be over" (July 11). "Drank lots of whiskey . . . and now home with a little stomach ache that doesn't come from the stomach. Terrible feeling of lostness and loneliness" (July 18). "Demoralization complete and seemingly unbeatable" (August 16). "My nerves are going fast. Getting into confusion of many particles—each one beatable, but in company pretty formidable. And I get a little crazy with all of them" (August 24). "This place has become an absolute madhouse . . . I don't know what to do. I wish—Jesus!" (August 26). "Have to cut down smoking or something. I'm afraid this book is going to pieces. If it does, I do too" (September 7). "This book has become a misery to me because of my inadequacy" (September 26). "The disintegration lately has been terrible" (October 4).

Gradually, the struggling novelist became aware that keeping the diary had a therapeutic effect upon him. "Now at last I am getting calm," he wrote on August 2. "This diary is a marvelous method of calming me down every day." And on September 26 he noted that his stomach and nerves were "screaming hell in protest," but that he had written an exceptionally long entry in order "to calm myself." His self-understanding, however, never grew beyond this point. Thus in 1952 he declared that when he wrote *The Grapes of Wrath*, "I was filled . . . with certain angers . . . at people who were doing injustices to other people." No doubt he was—but as the diary demonstrates, he also brought to his writing desk each day a variety of violent emotions that had nothing to do with objective social circumstances and everything to do with the personal life and psychic nature of John Steinbeck. What the diary forces us to reconsider is the relationship of the novelist to his fictive materials.

One of the odd things about the hero of the novel, Tom Joad, is his lack of interest in sex. From the time we meet him in Chapter Two, hitchhiking home to his parents' place after being released from prison in McAlester, Oklahoma, until his disappearance into the darkness of a California night near the end of the story, he is never shown in pursuit of a woman, in contrast to his younger brother, Al, who is constantly scratching a sexual itch. The explanation of Tom's conduct lies not in the novel but in the diary. By 1938, Steinbeck's relations with his wife, Carol, were frequently strained, even hostile, and the tension between them was heightened during the period when he was writing *The Grapes of Wrath* by his abstinence from sexual intercourse with her. Not until October 7, as he was nearing the end of his creative labors, did he feel "a change . . . coming over me—a goatish sexuality. The summer has just been the opposite—very low." So intense was Steinbeck's identification with his fictional hero that, whether consciously or unconsciously, he reduced Tom's sex drive to the same level as his own.

An even greater oddity about the good-guy hero of *The Grapes of Wrath* is defined by his homicidal outbursts. Tom not only has done time at McAlester for killing a man in a social quarrel, but before the novel is over he will kill another in a labor dispute. His sidekick, Jim Casy, the ex-preacher who has the same initials as Christ, is politically radicalized in the course of the novel, and after Casy's symbolic crucifixion Tom consecrates his own

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life to the cause of social justice. In a secular world, he will be Jim Casy's self-sacrificing disciple. But the question that Steinbeck fails to examine is whether Tom's intentions, as outlined in a farewell speech to his mother, are not an ambiguous mixture of altruism and intoxication with violence for its own sake. "I'll be all aroun' in the dark," he assures Ma Joad. "I'll be ever'where—wherever you look. Wherever they's a fight so hungry people can eat, I'll be there. Wherever they's a cop beatin' up a guy, I'll be there. . . . I'll be in the way guys yell when they're mad an'—I'll be in the way kids laugh when they're hungry an' they know supper's ready. An' when our folks eat the stuff they raise an' live in the houses they build—why, I'll be there. See?" The diarist who but slenderly understood his own raw emotions ("My whole nervous system is battered. Don't know why.") was correspondingly incapable of plumbing the mysteries of his alter ego's.

The emergence of Ma Joad as a far stronger person than her husband and the other older men in the Joad family is another notable aspect of the novel on which the diary bears. "Carol does so much," Steinbeck said of his wife in the entry of August 2. Indeed she did. Although Carol Henning was a fairly talented poet, prose writer, and painter, as well as being more deeply involved in radical politics than Steinbeck ever was, she gave up her career when she got married. In addition to assuming all the domestic duties of the household, the strong-willed, tough-minded Carol did her best to shield her shy and easily stampeded husband from intrusions on his privacy; oversaw his business relations with his agents; typed and edited his manuscripts; and, in the case of *The Grapes of Wrath*, made critical comments on the manuscript and found the perfect title for it in Julia Ward Howe's "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." On the dedication page of the novel Steinbeck wrote, "To Carol, who willed this book." Just as weakness of the senior male Joads can be linked to Steinbeck's sense of his own weakness and to memories of his weak father, whose mismanagement of a store ended in bankruptcy (the diarist wrote on June 16: "I dreamed a confused mess made up of Dad and his failures and me and my failures"), so Ma Joad's indomitability was a reincarnation of Carol's.

Working Days also contains a section called "Aftermath," which is composed of the diary entries that Steinbeck continued to make in the two years following the publication of *The Grapes of Wrath*. As Professor DeMott aptly observes, the motif of self-doubt is still prominent in these entries, but is compounded by guilt and tempered by foreshadowing, as though Steinbeck felt himself to be hovering on the brink of some enormous catastrophe. If the intimations of dark fatality are not fully articulated, it is because Steinbeck was fearful that the watchful Carol would discover the secret of his love affair with a 20-year-old showgirl named Gwyndolyn Conger, whom he began seeing in the summer of 1939 and whom he would marry in 1943. Was he already dreaming of betraying Carol while he was still writing *The Grapes of Wrath*—and did that dream, too, get into the novel? Quite conceivably. For the weakest link in the Joad family chain is Rose of Sharon's youthful husband, the androgynously named Connie, who, when the Joads finally reach California, deserts his drastically pregnant wife and disappears. An author given to sexual guilt and paranoia might well have created such a character as Connie, out of a terrible premonition of how he intended to reward the woman who had done so much to bring his greatest book into being.

Working Days serves, in sum, to make *The Grapes of Wrath* and its author more complex and more interesting. Studs Terkel's introduction to the fiftieth anniversary edition of the novel accomplishes the reverse. Essentially, it seeks to show that *The Grapes of Wrath* is the fictional equivalent of Terkel's alleged transcripts of the voices of downtrodden little people and that that is a wonderful thing. □

DESTRUCTIVE GENERATION: SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT THE SIXTIES

Peter Collier and David Horowitz/Summit Books/338 pp. $19.95

George Szamuely

Should one have occasion at times to doubt the need for yet more books of the I-have-seen-the-future-and-it-doesn't-work genre, then the critical reaction to Peter Collier and David Horowitz's *Destructive Generation* will surely relieve one of them. Through a series of character-studies, autobiographical essays, and reflective pieces, the two former editors of *Ramparts* and ex-supporters of the Black Panthers trace the consequences—both personal and national—of the left's hijacking of the American liberal movement during the 1960s. That their document was met by a torrent of abuse was only to be expected. After all, the authors of *Vekhi* had been excoriated by the liberal intelligentsia of prerevolutionary Russia no less than Whittaker Chambers had been by their American counterparts for his *Witness*.

Yet what was interesting about the response to Collier and Horowitz was that few chose to question the truth of anything they said about the left. What particularly riled commentators was the political position the two adopt today, especially their support of Ronald Reagan. Yes, the left's utopianism and its hysterical, mindless opposition to the Vietnam war led its radical proponents to nihilism, violence, madness, and self-destruction. But how dare anyone draw certain conclusions from that, and cease to regard themselves as belonging to the left? In a piece of no more than 800 words' length in the *New York Times Book Review*, someone called David Burner managed at least seven times to equate the two authors' ideas today with the bizarre notions they once held and which they now totally repudiate: "The two have not recovered their senses," "the delirium of half-sleep remains," "they sound like their previous selves of the 1960s," "their likenesses exist today . . . in the legions of the right," and on and on. Echoing this line, Hendrik Hertzberg in the *Washington Monthly* sneered: "Twenty years ago they were uncritical supporters of communist jungle fighters who trampled on human rights. Now they're uncritical supporters of anticommunist jungle fighters who trample on human rights," and again: "20 years ago they were arrogant, mendacious know-it-alls who trafficked in hysterical hyperbole and diabolized those who disagreed with them. They haven't lost their touch."

But the nastiest and most scurrilous review—clearly the influence behind both Hertzberg and Burner—appeared in the *New Republic* and was written by Paul Berman. At excruciating length —7,000 words or more—he drummed the message home: Collier and Horowitz were the "sole militants of the '60s still good for a shocking gesture, a finger in the air, a coast-to-coast f---you." And just in case we did not quite catch that: "The transformation that these two men have undergone should not . . . be overestimated." Apparently, the essence of the New Left was the "notion . . . that you can batter down your own limitations, that conventions are oppressions, that an existential choice can turn you into something better, more heroic, more powerful." If this all makes Huey Newton, Eldridge Cleaver, Mark Rudd, and Bernadine Dohrn sound more like members of the Stefan George Circle, or perhaps of the Cambridge Apostles, or simply pupils of Martin Heidegger, then there is good reason for that. Since, according to Berman, "nothing about that idea . . . inherently tied it to socialist or liberal ideals," guess who will turn out to be today's two chief purveyors of this "existential" notion?

Though Berman's observation on the nature of the New Left in his review seems to contradict his main complaint that Collier and Horowitz concentrate far "too little on ideas," it is not without a certain devious logic. For members of the contemporary left to use terms suggestive of sociopathology to describe 1960s radicalism is a variant on the customary tone of lyrical lamentation. But the effect is the same. The New Left is still fundamentally all right as far as its original intentions go. (To question them is still a sign of reactionary proclivities, malign motives, or bad etiquette, or a combination of all three.) That it culminated in bombings, murder, senseless riots, black separatism can be blamed on the Vietnam war, on Nixon, on the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy, much as Lenin's and Stalin's excesses were once only explicable with reference to the horrors of czarist autocracy, or the treachery of an Alger Hiss or a Kim Philby to the Great Depression, or the Khmer Rouge atrocities subsequently to the American B-52s. "The Devil made them do it," as Collier and Horowitz put it. With a bound, then, responsibility for whatever we think of as disagreeable about the New Left is ascribed to the right. So far so traditional. But here is the new twist. With the next bound we find that whatever we think of as disagreeable about the New Left is not really characteristic of the New Left at all, but of the right. Thus we have the idiotic equation. Collier and Horowitz *circa* 1980s are the same Collier and Horowitz *circa* 1960s. The contras are the Vietcong. The neoconservatives are the fanatical Berkeley radicals. And Ronald Reagan is presumably Angela Davis.

There is of course something very amusing about the critics of Collier and Horowitz donning the mantle of moderation. Neither Berman nor

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Hertzberg has any qualms about accusing the two men of complicity in murder. Hertzberg used such judicious terms as "traitors, liars, and fools" to describe them. Their friend David Rieff thoughtfully and in a thoroughly nonpartisan way recently spat at David Horowitz in public. And there is something amusing about the idea that the only alternative to "Nixon and Vietnam" was Tom Hayden and Bobby Seale. Just as there is something grotesque about people like Hayden and Paul Berman pretending to be well in the tradition of a Hubert Humphrey. It was Humphrey and not Nixon who was the object of the most vicious vituperation and actual physical violence in 1968. The point was that the issue of "Vietnam" was bogus. Both Nixon and Humphrey committed themselves in 1968 to bringing the American involvement in Southeast Asia to an end. And effective American evacuation began the following year. What the left wanted, and what it was ready to commit violence on behalf of, was immediate, unconditional American withdrawal—in other words, the international, public humiliation of the United States. As a matter of fact, this was also the officially stated position of the Soviet Union at the time. Thanks to the efforts of the left, its program was finally realized in 1975, when promised assistance from the non-Communist government was not forthcoming. Following that debacle, the Soviets, believing the United States was now out of it, went on such an offensive worldwide that today they feel they have to offer their apologies if they want improved relations with the West.

And this brings one to the issue critics were so offended by. Collier and Horowitz frequently use the term "Fifth Column" to describe the left. One can see their point. Fulsome praise has been lavished on Stalin, Mao, Castro, Ho; even the arrival of the fanatically anti-American regime of the Ayatollah Khomeini was welcomed in a number of quarters. Friends of the United States have been consistently excoriated: Thieu and Diem; Marcos; Somoza; Park of South Korea; the Shah of Iran; the contras; Sadat. One could go on and on with such a list; some of the above deserved it; others did not; still others did and did not in varying degrees. But it was not their lack of concern for human rights and democratic principles that made them so hateful. The left has always been able to live with the notable absence of such features in Communist regimes. (At worst, during the 1960s the Soviet Union was labeled "bureaucratic," just as the worst thing about the Sandinistas is that they are "stupid.") But "anti-Communism" has always been the worst kind of degradation one can succumb to.

Thus for Collier and Horowitz now to admit to having voted for Ronald Reagan and to be giving vociferous support to anti-Communist fighters in Nicaragua and in Afghanistan is like . . . well, it's like . . . it's like supporting the Black Panthers. Really? If you happen to think, as I do, that Communism is the worst misfortune in recent times to have befallen people (befallen, moreover, without anyone actually asking for its fall), then you support those who are trying to clear the rubble. It is not as though the alternative to George Bush in the 1988 election was a Hubert Humphrey or a Henry Jackson—model liberals on everything from civil rights to welfare, but whom the left has consistently reviled.

Destructive Generation is important precisely because it reveals what's new and what's old about the left. That socialists in America go around pretending to be liberals is hardly new. But for members of the left to accuse their opponents of being like them, while they themselves claim to be the spiritual heirs of the people they used to spit on . . . now, that really is new. It's very confusing, of course. But then, that's the general idea, isn't it? □

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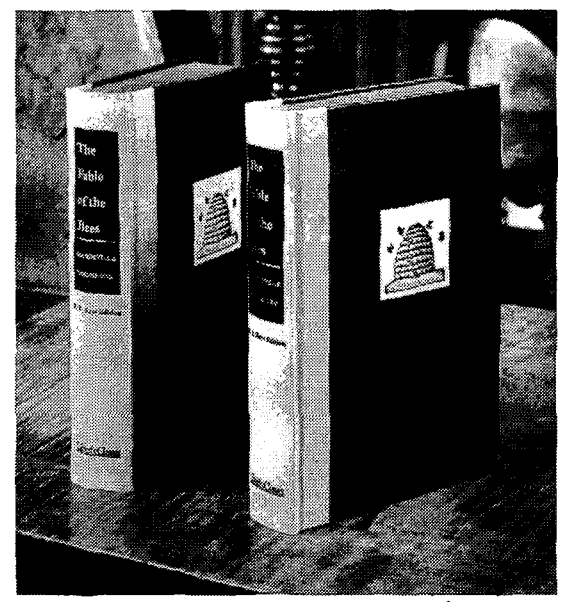

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WAGING PEACE AND WAR: DEAN RUSK IN THE TRUMAN, KENNEDY, AND JOHNSON YEARS

Thomas J. Schoenbaum/Simon and Schuster/542 pp. $23.95

Robert H. Ferrell

Dean Rusk is eighty years old this year. Retired from the law school of the University of Georgia, he is an occasional participant in televised discussions about foreign policy but otherwise not much in the news. Long gone is the fame that once put his photograph in newspapers almost every day, when he held press conferences with hundreds of shouting reporters in the State Department conference room, and when his plane routinely circled the globe on missions for this and that. Also in the past is his role in the Vietnam war, when he was the target of student groups everywhere (not least at my own university, Indiana in Bloomington, where during one of the secretary's speeches a group of activists ensconced in front-row seats shouted him down—leading to much talk about the right of free speech on a university campus, leading also to a delegation of students who went to Washington and presented their personal apologies for what they rightly considered marked incivility).

The appearance of *Waging Peace and War*, a 500-page authorized biography of Rusk, understandably has not brought huzzas from the reviewers, nor impassioned counterarguments from commentators, scholarly or otherwise. The subject, one guesses, makes that impossible. The fact that it is authorized makes it doubly so.

But this book, I hasten to add, is a sleeper. It deserves plenty of attention. It starts out inauspiciously, with a somewhat labored description of how Rusk became secretary of state, a recital of what now seems an unimportant, certainly dated, minuet. The new President-elect, John F. Kennedy, did not know Rusk but had taken notice of Rusk's long experience in the Truman Administration and, before that, in World War II, when he was an aide to General Joseph W. Stilwell. More recently Rusk had been president of the Rockefeller Foundation and pretty visible in New York City, especially in the Democratic shadow cabinet, or whatever it should be called, that was then housing itself at the Council on Foreign Relations. After setpiece interviews, Rusk was propelled into the secretaryship.

The action of the book starts at last with a long flashback to his early life in Atlanta as the poverty-stricken son of a mailman. Rusk attended Davidson College—a sort of poor boys' Princeton—before traveling to Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship. After teaching at Mills College, a backwater school in California, and being chosen dean (where he perhaps was known to his friends as "Dean Dean"), Rusk went into the Army before Pearl Harbor, with a commission, and ended as a full colonel. He was tempted to remain, since he could have become a brigadier general in the Pentagon hierarchy, but the opportunity presented to get into the State Department. He made the right choice, if in what to some people seemed the wrong division: that of United Nations affairs. He made the most of it—which was all the easier because Rusk believed in the U.N.'s mission. To him post-1945 American policy was based not on Henry Luce's less sophisticated American century ideas but the need, after the heroic efforts of World War II, to bring world opinion around to support of American ideas and actions. As luck would have it, the coming of the Korean War only enlarged Rusk's influence.

The book offers fascinating information, even about the Rockefeller Foundation, Rusk's extracurricular adventure of the 1950s, but takes on special importance in chronicling the 1960s when for eight full years the once poor boy from Georgia, for whom his mother had fashioned homemade drawers from flour sacks, became one of the most important players in the world game of diplomacy—a game punctuated in Vietnam by war. Curiously, the book does not rely on Rusk's personal papers, because he did not have any. When he left government in 1969 he took nothing, as a matter of principle, for he believed that whatever records he made of public business were not, as many statesmen seem to have believed, private property. Rusk even went other public figures one better, by destroying all records of his private conversations with President Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson.

Instead the book rests on hundreds of hours of conversations between the author and his subject, assisted by one of Rusk's sons. All of us have read in recent years of Rusk's physical problems; the former secretary's health has not been the best. But his mind is extraordinarily vigorous: Rusk is full of anecdotes, some of them telling, as well as information that will never appear in the documents that eventually, probably after the turn of the present century, will be open, in their almost impossible vastness, to historians. After joining the faculty of the University of Georgia, the author found himself dealing with a treasure, Dean Rusk in retirement. Again, perhaps an unexpected treasure, owing to the lack of personal papers and the physical problems of the subject, not to mention what everyone assumed to be Rusk's implacable reticence: these factors said that not much could come from an authorized biography.

What could only come from an authorized biography, however, are personal anecdotes from Rusk himself. Here is a sampling:

• Chinese cruelty horrified Rusk, when during World War II he was stationed in the Asian theater. Flying over the Hump one day, Colonel Rusk watched Chinese troops roughhousing, laughing and joking like soldiers everywhere. One man was standing near the open door of the plane and another crawled around behind him, on all fours. As Rusk watched, a third soldier pushed the standing man over the crouched soldier, pitching him out of the plane. The men almost split their sides laughing.

• One day early in the postwar era a letter from Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru arrived, which Rusk took over to the White House. Not exactly enamored of the Indian, President Harry S. Truman began to make all sorts of scathing notations on it, including, "What does he want me to do, consult Mousey Dung?" Rusk asked for a copy, and got it, and in an accompanying note the President, not one of the world's great spellers, told Rusk it was for his "memmorabilia."

• When the Russians showed themselves willing to back off the Berlin blockade early in 1949, everything began to move along rapidly, with Rusk dealing with the Soviet delegate to the U.N. Yakov Malik—until Malik, upon learning that his rival, Andrei Gromyko, was going to be the USSR's new foreign minister, went on a ten-day drunken spree and Russian diplomacy over Berlin for that period stopped dead in its tracks.

• During the Korean War, the Nationalist Chinese offered to send 33,000 of their best troops to Korea and Truman and Secretary of State Dean Acheson rejected the offer. The supporters of General Douglas MacArthur later made much of this rejection. Rusk learned years later that not a single high official in Taiwan supported the idea, and the Nationalists made the offer only on the categorical assurance that the Americans would turn it down.

• General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, chief of staff of the Air Force, was briefing the President on the need to use nuclear weapons in Korea, when the President practically rose out of his chair and said, "Who says that?" Vandenberg replied, "Well, that is the basis of our war plans." Truman turned bright crimson and said, "Well, you just go back and get yourself some more war plans, because you are not going to put me in the position of either doing nothing or beginning nuclear war."

• At the height of General MacArthur's contentions with the Truman Administration, a newspaper leak indicated that MacArthur's resignation was imminent, and Rusk and General Omar N. Bradley took the news to the President, who blew his top: "That son-of-a-bitch isn't going to resign on me! I want him fired." The result was a midnight cable dismissing him.

• British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan got along easily with President Kennedy, and after a dinner at Chequers the getting-along was much facilitated by highballs. The "P.M." accompanied the President to Heathrow airport, and upon arrival was three sheets to the wind. He came up to Rusk, put his arm around him and said, "Rusk, I've got to know you better. Jack has been telling me that you were opposed to the Bay of Pigs, but that after it happened you acted as if you had done it yourself."

• The "moon-faced, bald, serious, suit-clad secretary of state" (the author's description of his subject in this authorized biography) heartily disliked Robert Kennedy, who once came in to see the secretary accompanied by his dog, who jumped all over Rusk. On another occasion the attorney general asked the secretary to go on a hike, and Rusk told him he had been an infantry commander in the war and had done all the walking he was going to do in his life.

• Rusk told J. Edgar Hoover that if he, the secretary of state, ever found a tap on his telephone or a bug in his office, he would immediately resign and go public with the evidence.

• On a state visit to Washington, President Ahmed Sukarno of Indonesia asked immediately for call girls, and in private conversation with the President was mostly concerned about the sexual

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Robert H. Ferrell is professor of history at Indiana University and author of numerous books, including Woodrow Wilson and World War I, 1917-1921 *and* Truman: A Centenary Remembrance.

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attributes of his favorite movie stars, notably Marilyn Monroe and Gina Lollobrigida. After his return home he sent back an invitation for Jacqueline Kennedy to visit Indonesia—without her husband. Rusk told Kennedy he was not going to have Mrs. Kennedy visit that "international lecher."

• In Laos international affairs were on the back burner, so to speak. King Savang called off the war with the Pathet Lao to cremate the body of his father, who had died eighteen months before and had been preserved in formaldehyde. Rusk cabled the King, warning of the need to take precautions against attack, and the King replied, "There won't be an attack, because I am cremating my father."

• President Charles de Gaulle in 1967 pulled France out of military participation in NATO and told Rusk to his face that he wanted "every American soldier out of France." Rusk's anger boiled over. "Does that include the dead Americans in the military cemeteries as well?" the secretary asked.

• During the Vietnam war, on a trip aboard a helicopter gunship up to Da Nang, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., feeling playful, took the chopper's machine gun and wheeled the barrel across everyone's face, Rusk included. The gunner blanched and grabbed it away, crying, "No, no, no!" As he explained, "Man, all you've got to do is touch that thing and it's going to go off."

• When State Department press secretary Robert McCloskey footloosely displayed too much candor about the war, President Johnson was furious and told an amused Rusk, "He'll be giving his future briefings somewhere in Africa."

• During the Vietnam war the historian Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., sharply criticized Rusk in his book, *A Thousand Days*, describing him as resembling a buddha. The book was so sharp about Rusk that Washington reporters began to sympathize with the secretary. At a National Press Club luncheon Rusk, upon being introduced, received a standing ovation—from everyone except Schlesinger who, conspicuously in front of the head table, did not rise. President Johnson, also present, went around to Schlesinger. "What's the matter, Arthur," he asked, "is something wrong with your legs?"

All in all, Dean Rusk comes into his own in this biography, as an extraordinarily talented figure in the public life of only a generation ago. The book says much more than these few anecdotes can suggest, of course. And its careful organization, straightforward writing, and thoughtful analysis testify not merely to a worthy subject but a worthy biographer. □

THE REAL FRANK ZAPPA BOOK

Frank Zappa with Peter Occhiogrosso/Poseidon Press/352 pp. $19.95

Joe Queenan

Back in the sixties, no hipster's crash pad was complete without a black-and-white poster of Frank Zappa sitting, trousers wrapped around his ankles, and staring out from a bathroom in which he was taking a putative crap. Zappa, founder of the legendary gross-out band The Mothers of Invention, would go on to fame with such albums as "Freak Out," "Weasels Ripped My Flesh," "Hot Rats," and "The Adventures of Greggery Peckery," and would ultimately sire progeny with such colorful names as Moon Unit and Dweezil. Thus, when he starts his autobiography, *The Real Frank Zappa Book*, with the remark "I never set out to be weird. It was always other people who called me weird," one feels prompted to ask, "Gee, Frank, what other word would you like them to have used?"

The Real Frank Zappa Book is a lot like Zappa's music: sometimes funny, generally stupid, most engrossing when he is talking about sex, least engrossing when he is talking about anything else. Indeed, Zappa is a perfect example of how rock stars destroy their careers by learning how to play their instruments. This is true of everyone from Talking Heads to Sting to Paul Simon, all of whom started out as affable tunesmiths, writing harmless, appealing ditties but who then went out and ruined everything by taking piano lessons. For the past twenty years Zappa, a perfectly fine satirist who penned such bona fide classics as "Brown Shoes Don't Make It" (which, I still believe to this day, they do not), has been trying to gain wider acceptance by drawing attention to his unspeakably boring "serious" compositions. He has been aided and abetted in this by conductors such as Zubin Mehta and Pierre Boulez, both of whom know a thing or two about unspeakable boredom. Unlike his zippy pop compositions, which have a beguilingly inane quality, Zappa's classical works are a dull, predictable amalgam of Stravinsky, Varese, and Webern, interesting only in the sense that no other twentieth-century composer ever posed for a photographer while defecating. Certainly not Debussy.

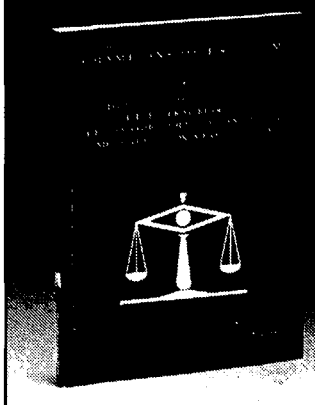
Indeed, there is something pathetic about a book written by a man whose highest subcultural honor is winning the Dutch Grammy, particularly since the author spends half the time pleading to be taken seriously as an artist, and the other half discussing fellatio and women who like to make plaster molds of rock stars' penises. Zappa, who now writes letters to Presidents, appears on talk shows discussing pivotal cultural matters, and even testifies before congressional committees, is literally begging America to overlook the indiscretions of his youth and embrace him as a legitimate cultural avatar, a sort of tie-dyed Aaron Copland. In this sense, his quixotic quest for respect parallels the current exploits of Sammy Davis, Jr., who at this very moment is wandering around the United States apologizing for the first sixty years of his life and assuring the public that it won't happen again. It is no coincidence that Sammy and Frank both live in Southern California, where people spend 90 percent of their lives reinventing them.

Zappa, which was badly dictated by the rock star and then badly co-written by journalist Peter Occhiogrosso, is not without its appealing moments, such as Frank's description of John Wayne's surprise appearance at one of his early gigs. There is also some delightful and potentially useful technical data about the guitar-fingering techniques that are most likely to impress nubile young women, though among *TAS* readers perhaps only Lee Atwater has the manual dexterity to put this material to good use. Finally, Zappa supplies a rare insight into door-to-door marketing techniques when he discusses his early days as an encyclopedia salesman. It is truly terrifying to think that Frank Zappa could have ever supported himself by selling encyclopedias. In fact, what's truly terrifying is the thought that people actually bought them from him.

Alas, for the most part, *The Real Frank Zappa Book* is a pathetic plea by a third-tier rock star to be accorded a respect he's done nothing to earn. A man who has spent much of his adult life denying charges that he once consumed fecal matter on stage is going to have a hard time becoming the next Arthur Fiedler. Simply put, America does not clutch to its bosom a guy who writes songs about the joys of dental floss or the Illinois enema bandit, much less a composer whose songs include the chorus, "Provocative Squats! Provocative Squats! Provocative Squats! Provocative Squats!" We have other things to clutch to our bosom. □

Joe Queenan is a senior editor at Forbes.

THE FEDERAL BUDGET:
THE ECONOMIC, POLITICAL, AND MORAL IMPLICATIONS FOR A FREE SOCIETY



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GENERAL MAXWELL TAYLOR: THE SWORD AND THE PEN

John M. Taylor/Doubleday/457 pp. $22.50

H. W. Crocker III

Though its subject served in three wars, was the first American general in German-occupied Europe (with the airborne no less), and served as the United States ambassador to Vietnam from the summer of 1964 to the summer of 1965, *General Maxwell Taylor: The Sword and the Pen* never gives the reader the sense of being among the wounded and dead 'midst the acrid smoke and screeching artillery of war; nor, for all General Taylor's attainments as a linguist and as a military intellectual, does it provide any especially profound insights into his ideas or character. But if *General Maxwell Taylor* lacks bite, its author, the general's son, can take solace in knowing that his father comes off as a good and admirable man; the man who kept his head when everybody else was losing theirs.

General Taylor was regarded as a soldier-scholar, but it is instructive that he admired combat soldiers—not pencil pushers—that he put his trust in the man in the field—not in the officers in the rear echelons—and that the most influential soldier in his own life was probably General George C. Marshall, a man of limited combat experience, but considerable steadfastness. Taylor said of Marshall that he "did not give the impression of great brilliance of mind, as General MacArthur did, but of calm strength and unshakable will." That a soldier-scholar should prefer "calm strength and unshakable will" over "great brilliance of mind" is intriguing, particularly when one considers that these were the qualities that would also characterize Taylor, a pragmatic, rational man, who was as meticulous and careful in his preparation of position papers as he was in his preparations for battle.

Taylor could be regarded as a man of the truly vital center who exemplified the strengths and endured the weaknesses of that position. In Korea, he disapproved of MacArthur's drive to the Yalu, because it expanded the defensive front of the American Army from 125 miles at the DMZ to nearly 500 miles on the Chinese border, left the rear of the American forces vulnerable to guerrilla elements of the North Korean army, and unnecessarily enlarged the scope of the war in a theater where Japan, not Korea, was the most important territory to be protected. In Vietnam, Taylor was, at first anyway, a "gradualist." He was a hawk when it came to bombing the North, but a dove when it came to bringing in American ground forces.

Taylor's objections to introducing American troops into Vietnam were prophetic. He pointed out the dangers of landing American troops in what was "an essentially hostile foreign country" where it would be "increasingly difficult to hold the line" on the numbers of troops deployed, and where it would be difficult for American troops to distinguish "between a Viet Cong and a friendly Vietnamese farmer." Taylor found it "curious how hard it had been to get authority for the initiation of air attack against the North and how relatively easy to get the Marines ashore."

Even with the deployment of ground forces, however, President Johnson did not prosecute the air war as Taylor would have liked. Taylor wrote that "the sword must appear inexorable and inescapable" if the North Vietnamese were to be convinced to drop their aggression against the South. But Johnson's continual bombing pauses and diplomatic peace offensives undermined the entire bombing strategy to which Taylor adhered.

Taylor did not believe that there were any scientific "laws" in international affairs, and so was reluctant to embrace the "domino theory." He noted that in Southeast Asia, the Mekong River formed a natural defensive barrier, making Thailand the natural defensive break against a Communist advance in the region. But the Kennedy Administration believed that the South Vietnamese—unlike the Laotians—were willing to fight, and that if a stand had to be made, the United States would make it in South Vietnam.

Once America entered the war, Taylor was stalwart in his defense of America's prosecution of it. When called before William Fulbright's Senate Foreign Relations Committee, in February 1966, Taylor said that the United States was determined to preserve the freedom of South Vietnam and, in the process, prove to the Communists that wars of "national liberation" were "costly, dangerous, and doomed to failure." When Wayne Morse told Taylor that it would not be long "before the American people as a people will repudiate our war in Southeast Asia," Taylor replied: "That, of course, is good news to Hanoi, Senator."

Taylor was hawkish after the North Vietnamese spectacular, but failed, Tet Offensive of 1968 that sent the Johnson Administration into despair. And he never broke ranks on Vietnam, even when his friends, such as Robert Kennedy, did. "We are certainly having our share of national troubles these days, not the least of which is Bobby's candidacy. He is being so careless with the facts in support of his arguments that he is creating endless future problems for himself and also for me when I am asked what I think of them." General Taylor didn't believe in abandoning Vietnam because he believed in the necessity and efficacy of limited wars.

America's defeat in Vietnam, Taylor thought, exposed not only a disturbing lack of will, but also an American inability to think of war in its proper context. Taylor was the most famous advocate of "flexible response," and a critic of President Eisenhower's reliance upon "massive retaliation." Strategic nuclear weapons, Taylor argued, were an empty threat because they would never be used. Unless the United States built up its conventional forces, created the capability to deploy them, and had the will to use them, America would be perpetually on the defensive. "This concern over the ability of a democracy to resort to arms for reasons other than survival may be offensive to readers who will view it as the desire of a militarist to keep war alive," Taylor wrote in his memoirs, *Swords and Ploughshares*. "The fact is that, without the limited war option and the forces that go with it, we have little of substance to defend our interests."

After Vietnam, the outstanding question became, Would the United States be willing and able to defend its national interests? Taylor's answer was, probably, no. John Taylor notes that his father "found the role of prophet of gloom distasteful, [and] he did not dwell on his belief that the United States had entered a period of decline as a world power, a decline that was perhaps irreversible. Privately, however, he had grave doubts as to whether a country preoccupied with material well-being could long bear the burdens that were the lot of any great power."

The destructive influence of materialism has of course long been the focus of histories of national decline, recounted by the likes of Montesquieu, Machiavelli, and others who saw materialism as an enemy of republican virtue. Taylor first noticed this problem, at the field level, in Korea. He liked to believe that the individualistic, anarchic, and insubordinate aspect of the American character did not mean that Americans could not make good soldiers; it just meant that they needed a special kind of officer to lead them, one who would take advantage of the dash and initiative these qualities could engender as well. But inevitably linked with these qualities is American materialism. "The desire to live at war in accordance with American standards at home, while thoroughly understandable, was costly to indulge [in Korea]. In its most obvious form the desire showed itself in ice cream factories, snack bars, post exchanges, and other 'plush' excrescences. It manifested itself in a different form in the excessive consumption of munitions in support of insignificant actions on the theory that the soldier should get everything it takes to make him safe as well as comfortable." This desire was feted even further in Vietnam; and in today's Army, with its extensive use of women, the problem has been further exacerbated.

Taylor's backtracking on the idea of "gradualism" in Vietnam offers something of a solution as to how Americans can fight limited wars. "If in 1961 I'd known how the situation would be in 1965, let's say, I wouldn't have come back recommending that we 'fly the flag' with a little logistical force in South Vietnam. I would have said, 'Let's get several divisions and get in there fast and clean this thing up and come home again.' " In other words, the war should have been fought more as MacArthur would have fought it. Taylor recognized that in Vietnam, the "restrained use of our air power suggested to the enemy a lack of decisiveness. If gradualism worked against the political purpose of inducing the enemy to seek an accommodation, it also violated the military principles of surprise and mass as a means to gain prompt success."

Undoubtedly surprise and mass will be needed in the future. Mass can be bought, surprise can be won with discipline and a sense of *realpolitik*, but all will still depend on the reliability, toughness, and character of the individual soldier, sailor, and airman. And it is here that Taylor's example is especially important. Maxwell Taylor, in the words of his son, "deserves to be remembered, and to be remembered for more than being a valiant soldier and

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a valued presidential counselor. For his was the voice that held—when such views were hopelessly out of fashion—that the United States is more than a collection of interest groups; that it has enduring security requirements that it must deal with rationally; and that citizenship in twentieth-century America carries with it obligations as well as privileges." □

ROOSEVELT AND STALIN: THE FAILED COURTSHIP

Robert Nisbet/Regnery Gateway/120 pp. $22.50

Franz M. Oppenheimer

Very early in this book we read that Franklin Roosevelt, in reporting to his cabinet upon his return from Yalta, referred to Joseph Stalin's early training in a seminary and said: "I think that something entered into his nature of the way in which a Christian gentleman should behave."

Willful blindness has been a recurring constant in the West's relations with the Soviet Union. Since the intentions of the Red East are now once again seen in a golden haze, there can be no more timely reading than Robert Nisbet's book on Roosevelt's stubborn refusal to open his eyes to the nature and goals of Stalin and the Soviet state. We should be grateful to Professor Nisbet, a distinguished historian of intellectual history, for spending two full years to distill these 120 pages from the immense documentation of World War II and to the editor whose initiative set him on this course.

While Nisbet's sources have all been accessible before, there is much in this most readable distillation, like Roosevelt's discovery of the Christian gentleman in Stalin, that has been forgotten or never known by the young, many of whom were taught the "revisionist" version of the Cold War by Red professors. Stalin's nature and goals were well known by those whose warnings Roosevelt systematically ignored: Averell Harriman, his ambassador in Moscow; General John Deane, the head of the United States Military Mission in Moscow; George Kennan, and Charles E. Bohlen, among others. The contrast between their warnings and the observable facts on the one hand and Roosevelt's obsession with pleasing Stalin on the other justifies the subtitle of Nisbet's book, "The Failed Courtship": the tale has more in common with fictional accounts of amorous obsessions, like *Swann's Way*, than with sober statecraft.

On the vast canvas of Roosevelt's indulgences of Stalin, those that exhibit a callous indifference to the fate of American and British soldiers and sailors are the most revolting. Throughout 1942, Roosevelt insisted over Churchill's violent protests that convoys carrying arms to Russia keep sailing to Archangel and Murmansk even though the losses of ships and lives, caused by German submarines and aircraft operating from close-by Norwegian bases, were unbearable: "On July 14, Churchill wrote FDR: 'Only four ships have reached Archangel . . . out of thirty-three included in Convoy PQ 17.' " Moreover, Roosevelt insisted on this course in the teeth of Stalin's refusal to help those convoys by permitting English and American planes and ships to use Soviet bases, and despite the "often ugly treatment at Archangel and Murmansk of British sailors who had managed to survive the Arctic route." Stalin never deigned to "take notice" of repeated complaints about that treatment. Equally revolting was Roosevelt's refusal in March 1945 to respond when "Harriman, outraged by Soviet brutality and callousness toward American prisoners-of-war rescued from German prison camps, begged the President to communicate directly with Stalin as a means of bringing the mistreatment to immediate [sic] stop." Roosevelt replied: "It does not appear appropriate for me to send another message now to Stalin."

It is depressing to contemplate that those individual sufferings directly resulting from Roosevelt's infatuation with Stalin pale in comparison with the suffering inflicted on all the people of Eastern Europe whom Roosevelt betrayed by means of understandings with Stalin, originally kept secret from Churchill, and very deliberately kept secret from the American people for fear of how American Poles and other ethnics would vote in 1944.

Nisbet shows convincingly that those betrayals were perpetrated during Roosevelt's first meeting with Stalin at the Teheran Summit in November 1943 rather than at Yalta in February 1945. As early as July 1941, "Roosevelt seems to have been seized by a desire to have a meeting of his own with Stalin, one that would be secret, limited to the two of them and very small staffs." Time after time Roosevelt proposed such a meeting, and time after time he was rebuffed. When, after a year and a half of pleading by Roosevelt, Stalin condescended to a summit meeting, he insisted that he could travel no farther than Teheran.

So, naturally, Teheran it was. But Roosevelt fulfilled his heart's desire: he had private meetings with Stalin before each of the three official summit meetings. Only an interpreter from each side was present. Roosevelt's interpreter was Charles Bohlen, to whom we owe the record of those private meetings. "Scarcely anything" was discussed at the plenary sessions that had not been "discussed and largely agreed on beforehand by Roosevelt and Stalin in their three private meetings." In them Roosevelt agreed that the Soviet Union should retain the parts of Poland that Hitler had permitted the Soviet Union to annex in the Hitler-Stalin pact. With equal liberality Roosevelt said that "he fully realized that Russia had had sovereignty" over Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia, and "added jokingly that when the Soviet armies re-occupied these areas, he did not intend to go to war with the Soviet Union on this point." One barely believes one's eyes to read further that Roosevelt added "that what most concerned Americans was the right of self-determination and that he himself 'was confident that the people would vote to join the Soviet Union.' "

Thus, "in less than an hour" slavery was decreed for Poles, Lithuanians, Latvians, and Estonians. And all that Roosevelt asked in return "was that Stalin be sensitive to the needs of Roosevelt's re-election campaign." Nor were these the only people Roosevelt betrayed. He agreed with Stalin that France's overseas possessions must be taken from her and assured him "that not only Germany but France would be reduced to third rate powers after the war." And, finally, Roosevelt secured the Balkans for Soviet totalitarianism by promising Stalin that "the Channel invasion of . . . France would be supplemented by an invasion of southern France" by troops from the Italian campaign, "thus wrecking the 'soft underbelly' strategy of Churchill."

All this was done behind Churchill's back. In both the private and the plenary meetings Roosevelt made his disagreements with Churchill plain to Stalin. Nisbet is therefore justified in concluding that, in this respect, Teheran was comparable to Munich in 1938, because it was at Munich that Hitler realized the fragility of the French-English alliance. "At Teheran, Stalin really began the Cold War, and did so on the basis of perceptions identical with those of Hitler at Munich." The decisions subsequently made at Yalta merely ratified the death warrants handed down at Teheran.

What motivated Roosevelt in this blind pursuit of Stalin's friendship? By the time of the Teheran Summit, at the latest, the motivation could not have been to save the Soviet Union from defeat. By then victory was taken for granted. According to Nisbet, the answer to the question of Roosevelt's motives, "in a word, is Wilsonianism." Like Wilson, Roosevelt wanted to transform an imperialist war into a war to make the world safe for democracy. He perceived Britain and France as imperialist powers, but, as recorded in the diary of General Brooke, he said: "Of one thing I am certain, Stalin is not an imperialist." Stalin's superb gift of dissembling, well described in Frederick W. Marks's work *Wind Over Sand: The Diplomacy of Franklin Roosevelt,*[1] helped Roosevelt, a parochial man, to disregard his experts. According to Marks, Stalin "announced himself the champion of religious liberty. . . . At Teheran, where butter would not melt in his mouth, he expressed a preference for Paasikivi as Finnish president even though the latter was a democrat rather than a communist." The USSR, he said, would "chart a postwar course between communism and capitalism. There would be private ownership, he [Stalin] assured Roosevelt, along with freedom of worship," and so on. From such premises, and Roosevelt's ignorance of the history and nature of the Soviet Union, it followed quite naturally that the best hope for a democratic postwar world, free of imperialism, would have to be some form of American-Soviet condominium.

The results of Roosevelt's blindness—the Berlin Wall, the division of Germany, the subjugation of Poland and of the Balkan countries, Korea, Vietnam—inflicted tragic suffering in the second half of this century. We had better pray that euphoric blindness will not produce similar results in the next. □

Franz M. Oppenheimer, a frequent contributor, is a Washington lawyer.

[1]University of Georgia Press, $29.95. Marks's longer and more academic work confirms Nisbet's account and his conclusions.

Coming Next Month:
P. J. O'Rourke on
Dave Barry on
P. J. O'Rourke

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REFLECTIONS IN A JAUNDICED EYE

Florence King/St. Martin's Press/198 pp. $15.95

Andrew Ferguson

I'm not sure that women can be curmudgeons, technically, but if they can, then Miss Florence King of Stafford County, Virginia, is a 14-carat, top-of-the-chop, fully developed, salted-in-the-shell curmudgeon. She is, moreover, a right-wing bisexual, an America-hating Confederate flag-waver, and a spinsterish enemy of modern feminism. That's by her own description. She is also one of the most exhilarating essayists alive: occasionally raunchy but always full of high humor, casually erudite, animated by an original and constantly surprising turn of mind given shape in a prose style as clean and fresh as mountain air. That's my description.

Reflections in a Jaundiced Eye is a more loosely constructed book than Miss King's *Confessions of a Failed Southern Lady*, published in 1985; it's less ambitious, too. *Confessions* was a memoir, an alternately hilarious and affecting account of her youth in the District of Columbia during the 1940s and '50s. Peopled with bizarre and indelible characters, touching on grander themes like family and loyalty and love and the life of the mind, it allowed Miss King's literary gifts full play. The newer book features Miss King as satirist and polemicist, and the tone is less varying. This is hardly a complaint, however, for as a satirist and polemicist Florence King has few equals.

I say that Miss King claims to hate America: "I'd die for the South but I wouldn't die for America," she recently told Charlotte Hays of the *Washington Times*. And, discussing Phyllis Schlafly in the introduction to *Reflections*, she writes: "Like all members of the God 'n' Country club, Schlafly thinks that only leftwing teeth are set on edge by America. She's wrong. I'm slightly to the right of Baby Doc, but life in America has the same effect on me as 'The Morton Downey, Jr. Show.' " But on closer examination, the aspects of American life that she specifically despises turn out to be the fairly recent accretions deposited by the dominant culture of dimestore liberalism: the cult of the kid, the ascendancy of professional do-gooders, the obsession with self-esteem, the decline of intellectual standards, feminism, and lots, lots more.

A confirmed spinster—it's a term, along with "old maid," that she uses with pride—Miss King considers herself a feminist, even though she admits (not unhappily) that "my name is mud at *Ms.* magazine."

When feminism awoke from its long sleep in the sixties, I assumed it would be a movement for careerist spinsters who chose to renounce marriage and motherhood for a life of the mind lived with spartan simplicity and dedicated to professional achievement. What else, after all, could "women's liberation" mean?

I soon found out. In no time, the movement split along two pseudo-feminist fault lines, the Lunatic Fringe and the Lunatic Warp and Woof. The former consisted of Ti-Grace Atkinson, Lesbian separatists, and guerrilla theaters like WITCH and SCUM. The latter consisted of frustrated suburban housewives roused by the melancholy seal barks of Betty Friedan.

The effect of these debased forms of feminism has been to confuse traditional sex roles to the point where "American men have very few masculine stances left." They are expected, instead, to be vulnerable, sensitive, weepy even. But it is women, she says, who will be the final losers in the creation of the New Age Man.

I wish Shere Hite or some other feminist would explain to me what is so wonderful about "vulnerable" men. Too rich a diet of male vulnerability does things to women, and if you don't believe it, look at Rosalynn Carter's mean mouth. Better yet, reflect on Gen. George S. Patton's maxim, "Men who won't fight won't f—k."

The culmination of the sensitive guy is the Family Man. At last year's political conventions, she notes, "there were children all over the place, making speeches about Daddy, nominating Daddy, hugging Daddy, while the television cameras panned over the smoke-free room picking out mother-delegates with babes in arms. At the end . . . the candidate rounds up every relative he can lay hands on and drags them up on the platform to play with balloons." The feminization is by now almost complete. "For men who want to flee Family Man America and never come back, there is a guaranteed solution: homosexuality is the new French Foreign Legion."

As her comments on the conventions show, Miss King's attitude toward children is unambiguous. She quotes with approval her fellow misanthrope Ambrose Bierce, who, when asked by a woman for advice on raising children, replied: "Study Herod, madame, study Herod." But you get the idea that it's not children themselves who get on Miss King's permanently frayed nerves so much as the institutional fawning and doting that have elevated the brat to the status of cultural exemplar. "America is not a democracy," she writes, "it's an absolute monarchy ruled by King Kid." No wonder, then, that adults do their best to be like children. "Television weather reporters affect guess-what tones and breathless gasps while pointing at cartoons of sad-faced clouds. . . . Liberals take up mess-making politics while conservatives trade McGuffey's readers like baseball cards. . . . In telethons that go on for twenty hours we get tributes to kids, songs about kids, stories about kids, and of course, kids—in person!"

Worse, to attend to the needs of "the little wartlings," a new professional class has arisen: that of the "Helpists." A high school student's sudden death is instantly transformed, nowadays, into the occasion for commando raids by "school crisis teams," bands of busy-body social workers, counselors, and psychologists who flog the deceased's classmates until they "show their emotions" in a satisfyingly lugubrious manner. "The school crisis team," Miss King writes, "with its counseling tables set up in the hall like a morbid version of Career Day, encourages kids to make a career out of falling apart. Inviting adolescents to emote is bound to be crowned with success."

The essay on "Helpism" (titled "Does Your Child Taste Salty?" after a question asked in a Cystic Fibrosis advertisement) may be the best in the book, for it displays in concentrated form many of Miss King's great strengths as a cultural critic—which is, of course, the true identity of a successful satirist. Helpism, she says, was first popularized by Dale Carnegie in *How to Win Friends and Influence People*—"the opening wedge in the promotion of personality over character. Today's Helpists have gone much further. By their insidious pandering to hypochondria and the fear of death, they have destroyed the old virtues and replaced them with mere good habits. Honor, duty, and steadfastness are now called diet, exercise, and nonsmoking." And lurking behind the Helpist enterprise? "I daresay they do it for love—love of money. . . . Today's burgeoning supply of ostensibly compassionate counselors of drug addicts, unmarried mothers, battered wives, and abused children . . . would be out of work if the supply of drug addicts, unmarried mothers, battered wives, and abused children were to dry up."

Miss King has much more to say in this book—about the corrosive effects of egalitarianism, the sham of democratic snobbery, the blight of compulsive nicknaming—and she invariably says it with wit and nerve. She even dares to note the salubrious effects of censorship: "The popularity of old black-and-white movies may be due less to the chi-chi interest in 'film history' than to the reason that dare not speak its name: the relief in knowing that the movie we are about to see was strictly censored." These days, I suppose, such an observation is rightly considered "anti-American," but it is an anti-Americanism of a distinctly American kind. After all, any country that can produce a critic like Florence King can't be half bad. □

Andrew Ferguson is assistant managing editor of The American Spectator.

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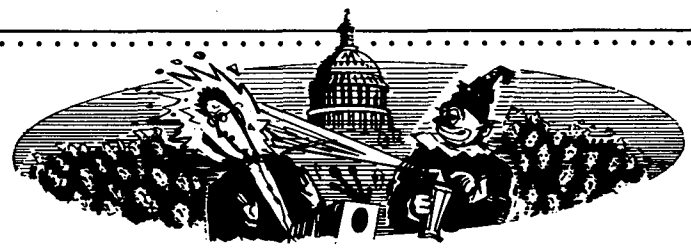

FAREWELL TO ALL THIS

by Dave Shiflett

I first came to Washington in the summer of 1978, setting myself up as a house painter—interiors and exteriors, five dollars an hour, gratuities accepted. My boss was the live-in boyfriend of a Republican man about town, and there was a homosexual houseboy in the basement to boot.

Live and let live was my motto, yet it was still unpleasant to look down from the ladder and see a herd of poofs looking back up with that evil glint in their eyes. How can a man work in such circumstances? Would Molly Yard have filed sexual harassment charges on my behalf? I tend to doubt it, though I never thought to ask.

The houseboy told of various goings on in the big house, especially the butyl nitrite parties in the jacuzzi room. The celebrants would pop the poppers, crank up the stereo, turn on the mirror ball that hung from the ceiling, and go at it. Zounds! The Horror! Eventually the houseboy departed, citing his inability to honor some of his superior's carnal requests.

Perhaps the oddest presence in the household was an autographed picture of Ronald and Nancy Reagan. It sat right outside the jacuzzi room, and one day the boss explained that the country was about to undergo a big change. "We're going hard right," he promised. The moral crusade was marching toward Washington. When fall came I fled South, vowing never to return.

In 1983 I came back to Washington as a journalist for the *Washington Times*, locking arms with the Reverend Sun Myung Moon to drive Communism from the face of the earth and bring traditional values back to America. This was before the Rev. Moon's organization began squiring around infanticide commissars from the People's Republic of China, and then there were the corpse marriages, reincarnated children, and other variations on the Judeo-Christian theme. The live and let live philosophy came in very handy those days.

And there really was a Conservative Opportunity Society, of which my job as a commentator on public policy was overwhelming proof. Even if you knew nothing, the opportunity was there. The extent of my own ignorance was exposed when a friend, hearing I was Washington bound, asked how many justices were on the Supreme Court. "A dozen," I said, with authority. My starting salary in Washington was twice that of my former job.

Soon there was a visit to the Roosevelt Room, where the guests found themselves sitting face-to-face with Ronald Reagan himself. The purpose of the visit was to discuss education policy with Terrel Bell, but the great man dropped in and told anecdotes about Nanette Fabray in China. The warmth radiating from his rosy cheeks was unforgettable. What's more, he didn't seem to know much either. It was easy to feel at home with Uncle Ron.

Despite my admiration, I later wrote an editorial very critical of his terrorism policies. The *Achille Lauro* had been hijacked and his response had been confined to harsh rhetoric. I spent the usual twenty minutes on the piece, heaping a skyscraper of condemnation atop a foundation of two or three very thin facts. A typo was added as garnish. Then an odd thing happened. The President read it—and took it seriously!

"The editorial in the *Washington Times* hit him hard on that Thursday morning," Hugh Sidey wrote in *Time* magazine. "FISH OR CUT BAIT, MR. REAGAN read the headline. These were his conservative friends talking." According to Sidey, the President "brooded" about the editorial. The editorial "rankled" as he boarded his helicopter for a trip to Chicago. "As the chopper lifted off, Reagan looked over at his staff and recalled the writer's barbs. He protested to his aides."

Then he sent the Navy after the hijackers. The Italian government fell because of the incident. My colleagues gave me credit for launching a military operation. The boss coughed up a hefty bonus. And ever since then, I've had an unshakable suspicion that the world really does fly by the seat of its pants.

My last job in Washington has been as a bureaucrat, a minor member, in fact, of Ronald Reagan's Administration. One of the more interesting aspects of the job has been watching the steady evolution of the Reagan Revolution's storm troopers.

As has now become apparent, all that stuff about the evils of government ended soon after the Republicans dropped their trunks in the public trough. They've been sucking so hard the sides are caving in. Their increasing love of the federal life can be charted by their expanding waistlines. They might have come to town wearing a 34-inch belt. Look in their closet now. Hanging there like dead snakes are belts of 36, 38, and perhaps 40 inches. Trophies from the war on government!

At no time has the corruption been more obvious than after the defeat of the 50 percent pay hike for Senior Executive Service personnel. Sitting in their offices beneath portraits of Ron (who backed the raise), Reaganauts whined like children. What about my sacrifice? Is public service worth nothing? How are we going to get good conservatives to cut federal spending if we can't even pay them a lousy $100,000 a year? My guess is that many of the outraged will continue their sacrifice until one day, stuffed with prime-cut pork chops, they drop dead at their desks. No doubt, their families will petition the government to allow burial at Arlington National Cemetery.

Perversion, cults, the abandonment of ideals: these are memories to carry from Washington—a strange stop on life's journey. Which is not to complain. The yellow brick road winds through many dark forests on its way to the Land of Oz. □

Dave Shiflett is moving 1,700 miles beyond the Beltway to take a job at the Rocky Mountain News *in Denver.*

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CURRENT WISDOM

Washingtonian

Professor Leon Wieseltier pauses from his philosophical work to hand down a learned exegesis of a basic text of the eighties:

P.S.: Carly Simon has won an Oscar for her *Working Girl* song, to add to her Golden Globe award for the same.

Has anybody noticed that "Let the River Run" is the most offensive hymn to greed that these fat years have produced? No, you won't find Wall Street in the lyrics. This ditty is more lyrical, and therefore more pernicious. It chooses to refer to the street of money, to which "dreamers" flock, as the "New Jerusalem." It is sung by a religious choir. Its percussion is sort of primal. The argument of this gem is that there is something deep, primeval, sublime, natural, holy about venture capital. Which argument Simon makes in the purest spirit of bracing, adversarial originality. A real child of the '60s, she.

[May 1989]

Pocono Record
(Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania)

President George Bush caught *flagrante delicto* in high crimes and misdemeanors by Elgrit of Middle Smithfield:

Editor, The Record:

I recently wrote a letter to President Bush and his family about their dog, Millie, who just gave birth to six puppies. According to the family, the birth of the puppies brought tears to their eyes.

Well, I cry endless tears too for the millions of unwanted animals who are born each year and for which there are no homes. What is their crime? They are born unwanted.

In my opinion, President Bush as the highest official in our country has set a very poor example of kindness to animals by allowing more puppies to be born. No doubt Millie's puppies are all spoken for. But I can't help wonder if their descendants, and those who follow them, will be spoken for. Or, will they be doomed to die because they, too, are unwanted?

—Elgrit B. Russell
Middle Smithfield
[April 18, 1989]

New Woman

New Woman's vision of the New Age Marlboro Man, this one named Norman:

"Sometimes I think I'd rather experience a good cry than good sex," says Norman. "The cry is much more elusive. I know it's a cultural phenomenon—we men are supposed to want sex constantly, and we're not ever supposed to cry. It's like crossed signals in our bodily fluids; we're allowed to emit sperm, but not tears."

Life is so mean. Let's order those men a few crates full of Kleenex, then put on our teddies and show them what we really want.

[March 1989]

Vegetarian Times

Scientific inquiry for forward-lookers and podiphiliacs:

TOENAILS—specifically selenium levels in toenails—can indicate one's risk of a heart attack. After comparing 84 patients who had had one heart attack with a control group that had never had a heart attack, Dutch researchers found that low toenail selenium levels indicated that a person was 4.5 times more likely to have a sudden heart attack.

[July 1989]

Nation

A lunatic editorialist at the *Nation* marshals some suitably goofball facts in support of another of his audience's imminent hysterias:

The glaring fact overlooked in the media spasm following the beating and rape of a 28-year-old investment banker in Central Park on April 19 by teen-agers from Harlem is that attitudes sanctioning male aggression against women span race and class. For example, two years ago, in the wake of an incident of sexual harassment and a "Take Back the Night" march, a wolf pack of thirty-five white Princeton men roved through the campus chanting, "We can rape anyone we want." Middle-class men viewing *The Accused* have cheered the film's harrowing gang-rape scene. A poor black man told the *Village Voice*, whose coverage of the Central Park incident has been outstanding, that "it just don't make no sense, the way they beat her. I mean, they should've just raped her."

[May 29, 1989]

Philadelphia Inquirer

Notes on the martyred Abbie from another sadly uncelebrated patriot:

I got to know Abbie Hoffman quite well after he arrived on the scene in Pennsylvania when he entered that nuclear battle. I feel pretty strongly that his greatest gift to this country is not being fully realized.

In many ways I think that he was like a coal mine canary. He died because he could no longer survive. It was not the lack of air that did him in—it is Exxon, the greenhouse warming that *National Geographic* told us about a few years ago that we are seeing in Kansas today, it is the ozone being eaten away, it is the acid rain that is killing what is still green, it is the crippling debt and the political bankruptcy wallowing in it. . . .

Abbie died of a broken heart. He gave his all to try to save his country, and it failed him miserably. . . .

He was one of a kind and there isn't anyone to take his place. I really feel vulnerable and a tad insecure since he's gone.

City hall has got to be fought tooth and nail, but how now without the great Abbie Hoffman?

—Pete Tinsman
Elmore, Vt.
[May 11, 1989]

In These Times

Hurt feelings and a brave pronunciamento from a devoted reader of this particular lunatic sheet—and note the witty retort:

Joe Lockard's otherwise excellent article on the Israeli concentration camp (*ITT*, Feb. 1) was marred by his reference to the "anarchic army prison system." No prison on earth can rightly be called "anarchic."

We anarchists are used to being slandered in the establishment press; to see such malapropos terminology appear in a progressive publication, however, is very disappointing.

—Al Medwin
Farmingdale Anarchists
Farmingdale, N.J.

Editor's note: *The Random House Dictionary of the English Language*, second edition, defines "anarchic" as "not regulated by law: lawless."

[February 22-March 1, 1989]

San Diego Union

More New Age dirges for he who in another age would be marked off as a simple smart aleck:

Although I was just a child during the '60s, I sensed the turmoil and upheaval of the times, and no one represents that era more than Abbie Hoffman. He tested the boundaries. He dared to step out of line. When a man who had so much zest for life commits suicide it certainly signifies the entropy of a nation.

Once a galvanizing force behind the Chicago Seven, he had become an anachronism in the '80s, a victim of the Reagan era: The conservativism, apathy, and complacent youth. The '80s killed Abbie.

It reminds me of that movie "The Big Chill," when the group of college friends from the '60s come to realize that they had sold out on all of their ideals. At the funeral of their friend, the minister asks, "Where did Alex's hope go?" I think the question of this generation is where did Abbie's hope go?

—Judith Thomassen
San Diego
[May 14, 1989]

Washington Post

No, she is not pulling our legs—Mary McGrory really believes this; and, perhaps, after her virtuosi have reformed Managua she will dispatch them to Peking, where tough customers are also needed:

If the administration is serious about introducing democracy to Nicaragua, it should dispatch the League of Women Voters to Managua, not the CIA, which is the least democratic of our institutions. They understand how the system works. They are old hands at arranging debates. They take no nonsense from anyone. No dirty tricks, no character assassination, would be allowed. They are meticulously neutral.

[June 13, 1989]

Progressive

To the boat people, the drug addicts, the victims of ghastly venereal diseases, and the post-Freudian quacks, Abbie Hoffman offers hope . . . and then he was kaput:

Sure we were young. We were arrogant. We were ridiculous. There were excesses. We were brash. We were foolish. We had factional fights. But we were right.

[June 1989]

Dallas Times Herald

The party line:

AIDS already would have prevailed in America had not gay men borne the brunt of the epidemic. Lesbian and gay responsibility and education prevent spreading AIDS more than if the virus had attacked any other segment of society.

Creativity, compassion and effectiveness characterize the lesbian and gay community response: the Names Project Quilt, nationwide educational and support programs and resource centers.

Most government and heterosexual response reveals irrational fear, cold-hearted bigotry and violence.

Rather than blame and persecution, gays deserve gratitude for their sacrifice and struggle, which affords time and information to save "sheer numbers" of American lives.

—Michael H. Jones
Dallas
[May 30, 1989]

Time

Evidence of substance abuse in the airy pages of *Time*:

Jim Wright's downfall and Tony Coelho's forced resignation amount to an implicit indictment of the evanescent ethical standards that have become a way of life on Capitol Hill. The bartering of integrity for honorariums and PAC contributions is far too ingrained in the congressional system to be remedied merely by taking the comfortable course of promoting majority leader Tom Foley to serve as the next Speaker.

How, then, to right these institutional wrongs, when almost every member of Congress is part of the problem? One puckish notion would be to take advantage of the odd quirk in the Constitution that theoretically allows the House of Representatives to reach outside its own ranks in selecting the Speaker. It is easy to picture the ad seeking applicants for the job: "Wanted—veteran statesman of high moral fiber to cleanse corruption from Capitol Hill. Disdain for the traditional legislative process a plus."

Perhaps the Democrat who best personifies this republic of virtue is former President Jimmy Carter. His reputation burnished by the elevated tone of his retirement, Carter would actually bring to the task energy, integrity and his legendary distaste for congressional business as usual. He could even boast a made-to-order campaign slogan: "After the Wright stuff, why not the best?"

[June 5, 1989]

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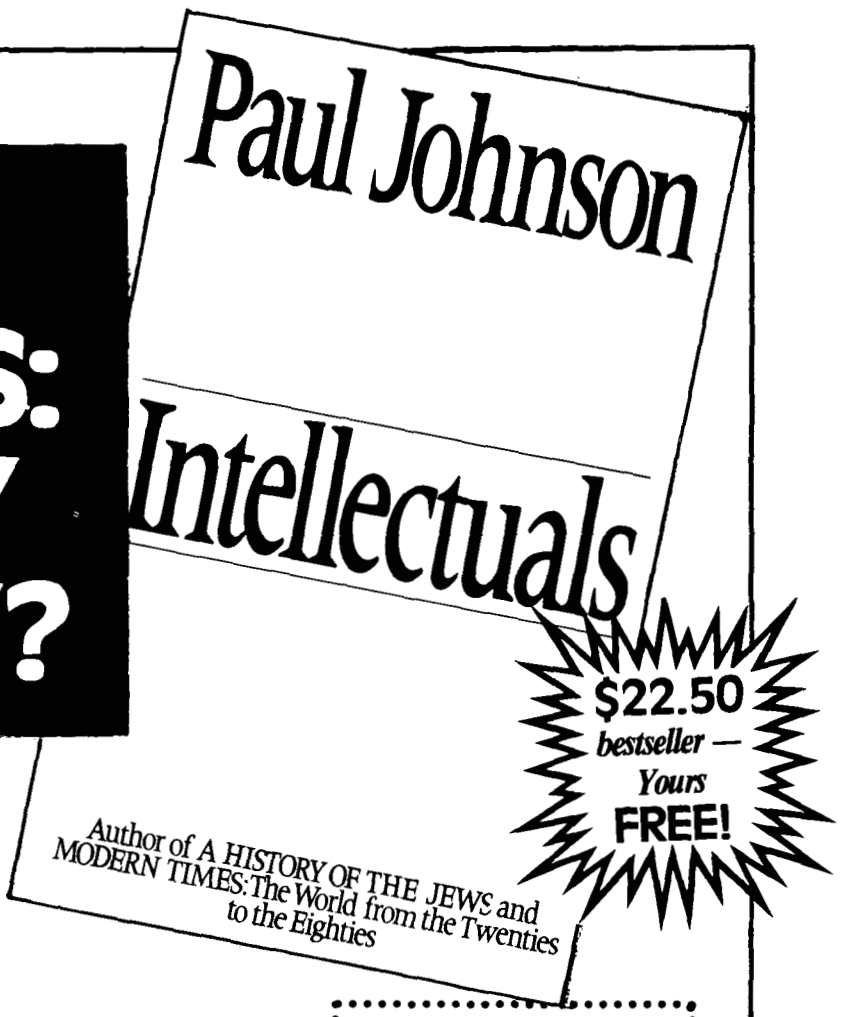
LIBERAL INTELLECTUALS: HOW DO THEY GET THAT WAY?



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